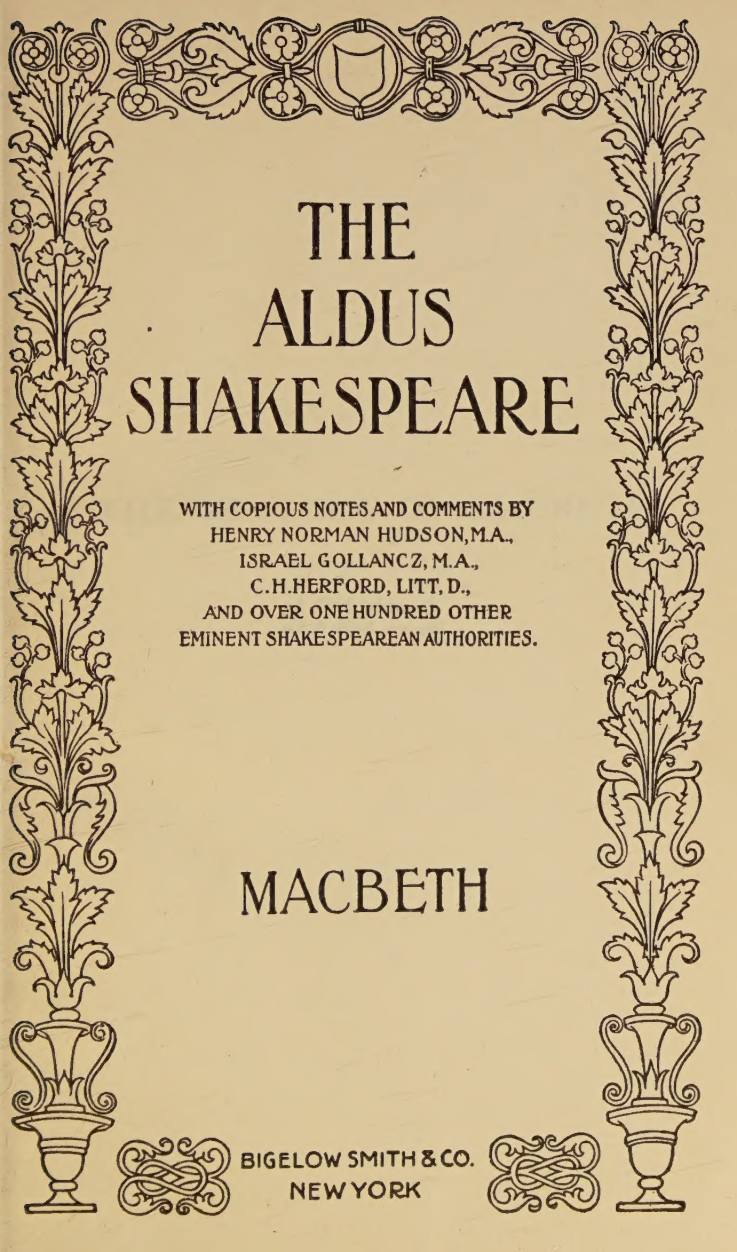


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THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C.H. HERFORD, LITT. D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

MACBETH

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THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

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THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Macbeth was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"MACBETH" AND MIDDLETON'S "WITCH"

Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearean portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "Come away, come away," III, v; "Black Spirits and white," IV, i). Moreover, these very songs are found in D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).¹ It is, however,

¹ The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.¹ Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excites smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*).

THE PORTER'S SPEECH

Among the passages in *Macbeth*, that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shake-

¹ The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii. iii. 1–37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132; iii. 140–159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47–50; viii. 32–33, 35–75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132.

Shakespearean words, "I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearean in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I (Act IV, sc. i, 120), gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.¹ Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan*,

¹ The Diary is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*. Halliwell-Phillipps privately reprinted the valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

or, the Widow of Watling Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table."¹

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his Majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Macbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England*. The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespear; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.² As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet*, and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.³ With an early play of this period, viz. *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has strong ethical affinities.

¹ Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:—

"When thou art at the table with thy friends,
Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself."

² *E. g.* II. iii. 5, "expectation of plenty" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

³ *Macbeth* numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has not less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiæ* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to the chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

The Macbeth of legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of history, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch; (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's skepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Macdoel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

DURATION OF ACTION

The Time of the play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79) is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i to iii.

Day 2. Act I, sc. iv to vii.

Day 3. Act II, sc. i to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks.

Day 4. Act III, sc. i to v. [Act III, sc. vi, an impossible time.]

Day 5. Act IV, sc. i.

Day 6. Act IV, sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England.

Day 7. Act IV, sc. iii, Act V, sc. 1. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scotland.

Day 8. Act V, sc. ii and iii.

Day 9. Act V, sc. iv to viii.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

In the folio of 1623 *The Tragedy of Macbeth*, as it is there called, makes the seventh in the list of Tragedies. In modern editions generally, the Chiswick among others, it stands as first in the division of Histories—an order clearly and entirely wrong. *Macbeth* has indeed something of an historical basis, and so have *Hamlet* and *Lear*; but in all three the historical matter is so merged in the form and transfigured with the spirit of tragedy, as to put it well nigh out of thought to class them as histories; since this is subjecting them to wrong tests, implies the right to censure them for not being what they were never meant to be. In them historical truth was nowise the Poet's aim; they are to be viewed simply as works of Art: so that the proper question concerning them is, whether and how far they have that truth to nature, that organic proportion and self-consistency which the laws of Art require.

The tragedy was never printed that we know of till in the folio, and was registered in the Stationers' books by Blount and Jaggard, November 8, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The original text is remarkably clear and complete, the acts and scenes being regularly marked throughout.

Malone and Chalmers agreed upon the year 1606 as the time when *Macbeth* was probably written; their chief ground for this opinion being what the Porter says in Act II, sc. iii: "Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty"; and again,—“Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale;

who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven." As 1606 was indeed a year of plenty, Malone thought the former passage referred to that fact; and that the latter "had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, at his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, March 28, 1606." These arguments, we confess, neither seem strong enough to uphold the conclusion, nor so weak, on the other hand, as to warrant the scorn which Mr. Knight has vented upon them. And, however inadequate the basis, the conclusion appears to be about right; at least no better one has been offered.

That *Macbeth* was probably written after the union of the three kingdoms, has been justly inferred from what the hero says in his last interview with the Weird Sisters, Act IV, sc. i: "And some I see, that twofold balls and treble scepters carry." James I came to the throne of England in March, 1603; but the English and Scottish crowns were not *formally* united, at least the union was not proclaimed, till October, 1604. That they *were to be united*, was doubtless well understood some time before it actually took place: so that the passage in question does not afford a *certain* guide to the date of the composition. The most we can affirm is, that the writing was *probably* after 1604, and *certainly* before 1610; the ground of which certainty is from Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy*; a manuscript discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Forman gives a minute and particular account of the plot and leading incidents of *Macbeth*, as he saw it played at the Globe Theater, April 20, 1610. The notice is too long for our space.

The play in hand yields cause, in the accuracy of local description and allusion, for thinking the Poet had been in Scotland. And these internal likelihoods are not a little strengthened by external arguments. It hath been fully ascertained that companies of English players did

visit Scotland several times during Shakespeare's connection with the stage. The earliest visit of this kind that we hear of was in 1589, when Ashby, the English minister at the Scottish court, wrote to Burleigh how "my Lord Bothwell sheweth great kindness to our nation, using *Her Majesty's Players* and Canoniers with all courtesy." And a like visit was again made in 1599, as we learn from Archbishop Spottiswood, who writing the history of that year has the following: "In the end of the year happened some new jars betwixt the King and the ministers of Edinburgh; because of a company of English comedians whom the King had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behavior; and in their sessions made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays, under pain of church censures. The King, taking this to be a discharge of his license, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annul their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies: which they promised, and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offense of the ministers."

This account is confirmed by the public records of Scotland, which show that the English players were liberally rewarded by the King, no less a sum than 828*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* being distributed to them between October, 1599, and December, 1601. And it appears from the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen, that the same players were received by the public authorities of that place, under the sanction of a special letter from the King, styling them "our servants." There, also, they had a gratuity of 32 marks, and the freedom of the city was conferred upon "Laurence Fletcher, Comedian to His Majesty," who, no doubt, was the leader of the company. That this was the same company to which Shakespeare belonged, or a part of it, is highly probable from the patent which was

made out by the King's order, May 7, 1603, authorizing Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, and others, to perform plays in any part of the kingdoms. In this instrument the players are termed "our servants,"—the same title whereby the King had recommended them to the authorities of Aberdeen. All which, to be sure, is no positive proof that Shakespeare was of the number who went to Scotland; yet we do not well see how it can fail to impress any one as making strongly that way, there being no positive proof to the contrary. And the probability thence arising, together with the internal likelihoods of Macbeth, may very well warrant a belief of the thing in question.

At the date of Shakespeare's tragedy the story of Macbeth, as handed down by tradition, had been told by Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* first appeared in 1577, and by George Buchanan, the learned preceptor of James I, who has been termed the Scotch Livy, and whose *History of Scotland* came forth in 1582. In the main features of the story, so far as it is adopted by the Poet, both these writers agree, save that Buchanan represents Macbeth to have merely dreamed of meeting with the Weird Sisters, and of being hailed by them successively as Thane of Angus, of Murray, and as King. We shall see hereafter that Holinshed was Shakespeare's usual authority in matters of British history. And in the present case the Poet shows no traces of obligation to Buchanan, unless, which is barely possible, he may have taken a hint from the historian, where, speaking of Macbeth's reign, he says,—"*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto.*" A passage which, as showing the author's care for the truth of what he wrote, perhaps should render us wary of trusting too much in later writers, who would have us believe that, a war of factions breaking out, Duncan was killed in battle, and Macbeth took the crown by just and lawful title. It is considerable that both Hume and Lingard acquiesce in the old account which represents Mac-

Macbeth to have murdered Duncan and usurped the throne. The following outline of the story as told by Holinshed may suffice to show both whence and how much the Poet borrowed.

Malcolm, king of Scotland, had two daughters, Beatrice and Doda, severally married to Abbanath Crinen and to Sinel, thanes of the Isles and of Glamis, by whom they had each a son, named Duncan and Macbeth. The former succeeded his grandfather in the kingdom; and, being of a soft and gentle nature, his reign was at first very quiet and peaceable, but afterwards, by reason of his slackness, greatly harassed with troubles and seditions, wherein his cousin, who was of a valiant and warlike spirit, did great service to the state. His first exploit was in company with Banquo, thane of Lochquaber, against Macdowald, who had headed a rebellion, and drawn together a great power of natives and foreigners. The rebels being soon broken and routed, Macdowald sought refuge in a castle with his family, and when he saw he could no longer hold the place, he first slew his wife and children, then himself; whereupon Macbeth entered, and, finding his body among the rest, had his head cut off, set upon a pole, and sent to the king. Macbeth was very severe, not to say cruel, towards the conquered; and when some of them murmured thereat he would have let loose his revenge upon them, but that he was partly appeased by their gifts, and partly dissuaded by his friends. By the time this trouble was well over, Sweno, king of Norway, arrived with an army in Fife, and began to slaughter the people without distinction of age or sex. Which caused Duncan to bestir himself in good earnest: he went forth with all the forces he could rally, himself, Macbeth, and Banquo leading them, and met the invaders at Culros, where after a fierce fight the Scots were beaten. Then Sweno, thinking he could now have the people for his own without killing them, gave order that none should be hurt but such as were found in an attitude of resistance. Macbeth went forthwith to gathering a new power, and Duncan, having fled into the castle

of Bertha, and being there hotly besieged by Sweno, opened a communication with him to gain time, and meanwhile sent a secret message to Macbeth to wait at a certain place till he should hear further. When all things were ready, Duncan, having by this time settled the terms of surrender, offered to send forth a good supply of food and refreshment to the besiegers; which offer they gladly accepted, being much straitened for the means of living: whereupon the Scots mixed the juice of mekilwort berries in the bread and ale, and thereby got their enemies into so sleepy a state that they could make no defense; in which condition Macbeth fell upon them, and cut them to pieces, only Sweno himself and ten others escaping to the ships. While the people were giving thanks for this victory word came that a fleet of Danes had landed at King-corn, sent thither by Canute, Sweno's brother. Macbeth and Banquo, being sent against the new invaders, slew part of them, and chased the rest back to their ships. Thereupon a peace was knit up between the Scots and Danes, the latter giving a great sum of gold for the privilege of burying their dead in Colmes Inch.

Not long after, Macbeth and Banquo being on their way to Fores where the king then lay, as they were passing through the fields without other company, three women in strange and wild apparel suddenly met them; and while they were rapt with wonder at the sight, the first woman said,—All hail, Macbeth,thane of Glamis; the second,—Hail, Macbeth,thane of Cawdor; the third,—All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland. Then said Banquo,—What manner of women are you, that to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign the kingdom, but promise nothing at all to me? Yes, said the first, we promise greater things to thee; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end, and shall have no issue to succeed him; whereas thou indeed shalt not reign, but from thee shall spring a long line of kings. Then the women immediately vanished. At first Macbeth and Banquo thought this was but a fantastical illusion, insomuch that

Banquo would call Macbeth king in jest, and Macbeth in like sort would call him father of many kings. But afterwards the women were believed to be the Weird Sisters; because, the thane of Cawdor being condemned for treason, his lands and titles were given to Macbeth. Whereupon Banquo said to him jestingly,—Now, Macbeth, thou hast what two of the Sisters promised; there remaineth only what the other said should come to pass. And Macbeth began even then to devise how he might come to the throne, but thought he must wait for time to work his way, as in the former preferment. But when, shortly after, the king made his oldest son Prince of Cumberland, thereby in effect appointing him successor, Macbeth was sorely troubled thereat, as it seemed to cut off his hope; and, thinking the purpose was to defeat his title to the crown, he studied how to usurp it by force. For the law of Scotland then was, that if at the death of a king the lineal heir were not of sufficient age for the government, the next in blood should take it in his stead. Encouraged by the words of the Weird Sisters, and urged on by his wife, who was “burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen,” Macbeth at length whispered his design to some trusty friends, of whom Banquo was chief, and, having a promise of their aid, slew the king at Inverness: then, by the help of his confederates, he got himself proclaimed king, and forthwith went to Scone where, by common consent, he was invested after the usual manner. Duncan’s body was first buried at Elgin, but afterwards removed to Colmekill, and laid in a sepulcher with his predecessors.

Macbeth now set himself about the administration of the state, as though he would fain make up for his want of title by his fitness for the office; using great liberality towards the nobles, enforcing justice on all offenders, and correcting the abuses that had grown up in Duncan’s feeble reign; insomuch that he was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people: he made many wholesome laws, and, in short, so good was his government,

that had he attained it by lawful means, and continued as just and upright as he began, he might well have been numbered among the best princes that ever were. But it turned out that all this was done but to gain popular favor. For the pricking of conscience made him fear lest another should serve him as he had served Duncan; and the promise of the Weird Sisters to Banquo would not out of his mind. So he had a great supper, and invited Banquo and his son Fleance, having hired certain murderers to kill them as they were going home, that himself might seem clear of the crime, should it ever be laid to his charge. It chanced, however, through the darkness, that Fleance escaped, and, being afterwards warned of what was in plot against him, he fled into Wales. Thenceforth nothing went well with Macbeth. For men began to fear for their lives, so that they scarce dared come in his presence; and as many feared him, so he stood in fear of many, and therefore by one pretense or another made away with such as were most able to work him any danger. And he had double profit by this course, in that both those whom he feared were got rid of, and his coffers were enriched with their goods, thus enabling him to keep a guard of armed men about his person: for which causes he at length found such sweetness in putting the nobles to death, that his thirst of blood might nowise be satisfied. For better security against the growing dangers, he resolved to build a strong castle on the top of a very high hill called Dunsinane, and to make the thanes of each shire come and help on the building in turn. When the turn fell to Macduff, thane of Fife, he sent his men well furnished, telling them to be very diligent in the work, but himself stayed away; which when Macbeth knew, he said,—I perceive this man will never obey me till he be ridden with a snaffle: nor could he afterwards bear to look upon Macduff, either because he thought him too powerful for a subject, or because he had been warned to beware of him by certain wizards in whom he trusted; and indeed he would have put him to death, had not the same counselors assured him

that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman, nor be vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane. Trusting in this prophecy, he now became still more cruel from security than he had been from fear. At last Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to flee into England; which purpose Macbeth soon got wind of, for in every nobleman's house he had one sly fellow or another in fee, to let him know all that was going on: so he hastened with a power into Fife, to besiege Macduff's castle; which being freely opened to him, when he found Macduff was already gone, he caused his wife and children to be slain, confiscated his goods, and proclaimed him a traitor.

After the murder of Duncan his two sons, named Malcolm and Donalbain, had taken refuge, the one in England, where he was well received by Edward the Confessor, and the other in Ireland, where he also was kindly treated by the king of that land. The mother of these two princes was sister to Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Macduff, therefore, went straight to Malcolm as the only hope of poor Scotland, and earnestly besought him to undertake the deliverance of his suffering country, assuring him that the hearts and hands of the people would be with him, if he would but go and claim the crown. But the prince feigned to excuse himself, because of his having certain incurable vices which made him totally unfit to be king. For, said he, so great is my lust that I should seek to deflower all the young maids and matrons; which intemperance would be worse than Macbeth's cruelty. Macduff answered that this was indeed a very great fault, and had ruined many kings: nevertheless, said he, there are women enough in Scotland: make thyself king, and I will procure you satisfaction herein so secretly that no man shall know of it. Malcolm then said, I am also the most avaricious being on earth, insomuch that, having the power, I should make pretenses for slaying most of the nobles, that I might enjoy their estates. The other replied,—This is a far worse fault than the former, for avarice is the root of

all evil: notwithstanding, follow my counsel; there are riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greediness. Then said the prince again, I am furthermore given to lying and all kinds of deceit, and nothing delights me more than to betray all such as put any trust in my words. Thereupon Macduff gave over the suit, saying, This is the worst of all, and here I leave thee. O miserable Scotchmen, ye have one cursed tyrant now reigning over you without any right; and this other that hath the right is nothing fit to reign; for by his own confession he is not only full of lust and avarice, but so false withal that no trust is to be put in aught he says. Adieu, Scotland, for now I account myself a banished man forever. Then, he being about to depart, the prince said, Be of good cheer, Macduff, for I have none of those vices, and have only jested with thee, to prove thy mind; for Macbeth hath often sought by such means to get me into his hands: but the slower I have seemed to entertain thy request the more diligent I shall be to accomplish it. Hereupon, after embracing and swearing mutual fidelity, they fell to consulting how they might bring their wishes to good effect. Macduff soon repaired to the borders of Scotland, and sent letters thence to the nobles, urging them to assist the prince with all their powers, to recover the crown out of the usurper's hands.

Now the prince, being much beloved of good King Edward, procured that his uncle Siward might go with ten thousand men to aid him in the enterprise. Meanwhile the Scottish nobles, apprised of what was on foot, drew into two factions, some siding with Malcolm, others with Macbeth. When Macbeth saw how the prince was strengthening with allies, he retreated to Dunsinane, meaning to abide there in a fortified camp; and, being advised to withdraw into the Isles and there wait for better times, he still refused, trusting in the prophecies of the Weird Sisters. Malcolm, following close upon his retreat, came at night to Birnam wood, where, his men having taken food and rest, he gave order for them to get each a bough

OF MACBETH

Introduction

as big as he could carry, and march therewith, so as to hide their strength from the enemy. The next day Macbeth, seeing their approach, at first marveled what it meant, then, calling to mind the prophecy, thought it was like to be fulfilled: nevertheless, he resolved to fight, and drew up his men in order of battle; but when those of the other side cast away their boughs, and he saw how many they were, he betook himself to flight. Macduff was hot in pursuit, and overhauled him at Lanfanan, where at last Macbeth sprung from his horse, saying, Thou traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain, who am not to be slain by any man that was born of a woman? Macduff answered,—It is true, Macbeth; and now shall thy cruelty end; for I am even he that the wizards told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped forth and slew him, then cut off his head, and set it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolm.—The murder of Duncan took place in 1039, and Macbeth was killed in 1054; so that the events of the play, viewed historically, stretch over a period of more than fifteen years.

From another part of the same history Shakespeare took several circumstances of the assassination. It is where Holinshed relates how King Duff, being the guest of Donwald and his wife at their castle in Fores, was there murdered. We will condense so much of the narrative as bears upon the matter in hand.

The king having retired for the rest of the night, his two chamberlains, as soon as they saw him well abed, came forth again, and fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared many choice dishes and drinks for their rear-supper; wherewith they so gorged themselves, that their heads no sooner got to the pillow than they were so fast asleep that the chamber might have been removed without waking them. Then Donwald, goaded on by his wife, though in heart he greatly abhorred the act, called four of his servants, whom he had already framed to the purpose with large gifts, and instructed them how

to proceed; and they, entering the king's chamber a little before cock's crow, without any bustle cut his throat as he lay asleep, and immediately carried the body forth into the fields. In the morning, a noise being made that the king was slain, Donwald ran thither with the watch, as though he knew nothing of it, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor, forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of the murder.

Thomas Middleton has a play called *The Witch*, wherein are delineated with considerable skill the vulgar hags of old superstition, whose delight was to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements, like a thick scurf o'er life." Much question has been had whether this or *Macbeth* were written first, with the view on one side, as would seem, to make out for Middleton the honor of contributing somewhat towards the Poet's Weird Sisters. Malone has perhaps done all the case admits of, to show that *The Witch* was not written before 1613; but in truth there is hardly enough to ground an opinion upon one way or the other. And the question may be safely dismissed as altogether vain; for the two plays have nothing in common, but what may well enough have been derived from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, or from the floating witchcraft lore of the time, some relics of which have drifted down in the popular belief to a period within our remembrance.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if any thing more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; with-

out birth or death: passionless and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Eschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savors as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom every thing seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge, especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearean, there being nothing in his whole circle of character, wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. Probably no form of superstition ever prevailed to any great extent, but that it had a ground and principle of truth. The old system of witchcraft was no doubt an embodiment of some natural law, a local and temporary out-

growth from something as general and permanent as human nature itself. Our moral being must breathe, and because it must have breath, therefore, in defect of other provision, it puts forth some such arrangement of breathing organs, as a tree puts forth leaves. The point of art, then, in this case was to raise and transfigure the literal into the symbolical; to take the body, so brittle and perishable in itself, and endow it with immortality; which of course could be done only by filling and animating it with the efficacy of imperishable truth. Accordingly the Poet took enough of current and traditionary matter to enlist old credulity in behalf of agents suited to his peculiar purpose; representing to the age its own thoughts, and at the same time informing the representation with a deep moral significance suited to all ages alike. In *The Witch* we have but the literal form of a transient superstition: in *Macbeth* that form is made the transparent vehicle of a truth coeval and coextensive with the workings of human guilt. In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts: these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give": the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to

live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences; as bodying forth in living form the fearful echo which the natural world gives back to the evil that speaks out from the human heart. And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play; that their office is not so properly to deprave as to develop the characters whereon they act; not to create the evil heart, but to untie the evil hands. They put nothing into Macbeth's mind, but only draw out what was already there, breathing fructification upon his indwelling germs of sin, and thus acting as mediators, so to speak, between the secret upspringing purpose and the final accomplishment of crime. It is quite worthy of remark how Buchanan represents their appearance and prophecies to have been the coinage of his dreams; as if his mind were so swollen with ambitious thoughts, that they must needs haunt his pillow and people his sleep; and afterwards, when a part of the dream came to pass without his help, this put him upon working out for himself the fulfillment of the remainder. And in this view of the matter it is not easy to see but that a dream would every way satisfy the moral demands of the case, though it would by no means answer the purposes of the drama.

And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that

Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth; in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down skepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting,—a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies,—the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures;—in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he “neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate.” Macbeth, on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-

occupied, and absent from what is before him, "that he seems rapt withal"; and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfillment of their promise he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that inasmuch as he was fated to be rich he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed

and wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorse of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the specters of a conscience-stricken imagination.

His conscience thus acting, as it were, in disguise and masquerade, the natural effect at first is, to make him wav-

ering and irresolute: the harrowings of guilty fear have a certain prospective and preventive operation, causing him to recoil, he scarce knows why, from the work he has in hand. So that he would never be able to go through, but for the coming in of a partner and helpmeet in the wicked purpose. But afterwards, the first crime having passed from prospect into retrospect, the self-same working of conscience has the effect of goading and hurrying him on from crime to crime. He still mistakes his inward pangs for outward perils: guilt peoples his whereabouts with fantastical terrors, which in seeking to beat down he only multiplies. Amidst his efforts to dissimulate he loses his self-control, and spills the awful secret he is trying to hide; and in giving others cause to suspect him, he makes himself cause to suspect them. Thus his cowardice of conscience urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to that cowardice; the very blood which he spills to quiet his fears sprouting up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call for more victims.

The critics of a certain school have in characteristic fashion found fault with the huddling together and confusion of metaphors, which Macbeth pours forth when his mind is preternaturally heated and wrought up. Doubtless they would have him talk always according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Shakespeare was content to let him talk according to his state of mind and the laws of his character. Nor, in this view, could any thing better serve the Poët's purpose, than this preternatural rush and redundancy of imagination, hurrying on from thought to thought, and running and massing a multitude of half-formed images together. And such a cast of mind in the hero was necessary to the health of the drama: otherwise such a manifold tragedy had been in danger of turning out an accumulation of horrors. As it is, the impression is at once softened and deepened, after a style of art which Shakespeare alone could evoke and manage: the terrible is made to tread, sometimes to tremble, on the outmost edge, yet never passes into the horrible; what were else too

frightful to be born being thus kept within the limits of pleasurable emotion. Macbeth's imagination so overwrought and self-accelerating, this it is that glorifies the drama with such an interfusion of tragic terror and lyrical sweetness, and pours over the whole that baptism of terrible beauty which forms its distinctive excellence.

In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once

recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect she refrains from using it or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were skeptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavor to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them his imagination springs into action,—an organ whereof while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him; for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favor of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks,

and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her.

Nor is it to be supposed that this ferocity is native to her own breast: in her case, too, surely it is assumed; for though in her intense overheat of expectant passion it be temporarily fused and absorbed into her character, it is disengaged and thrown off as soon as that heat passes away. Those will readily take our meaning, who have ever seen how, from the excitement of successful effort, men will sometimes pass for a while into and become identified with a character which they undertake to play. And so Lady Macbeth, for a special purpose, begins with acting a part which is really foreign to her, but which, notwithstanding, such is her iron fixedness of will, she braves out to issues so overwhelming as to make her husband and many others believe it is her own. In herself, indeed, she is a great bad woman whom we fear and pity; yet neither so great nor so bad, we are apt to think, as she is generally repre-

sented. She has closely studied her husband, and penetrated far into the heart of his mystery; yet she knows him rather as he is to her than as he is in himself: hence in describing his character she interprets her own, and shows more of the warm-hearted wife than of the cool-headed philosopher. Mr. Verplanck, with great felicity, distinguishes her as "a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself."

Two very different characters, however, may easily be made out for her, according as we lay the chief stress on what she says, or what she does. For surely none can fail to remark, that the promise of a fiend conveyed in her earlier speeches is by no means made good in her subsequent acts. That Shakespeare well understood the principle whereon Sophocles sprinkled the songs of nightingales amid the grove of the Furies, could not be better shown than in that, when Lady Macbeth looks upon the face of her sleeping Sovereign, at whose heart her steel is aimed, and sees the murderous thought passing, as it were, into a fact before her, a gush of womanly feeling or of native tenderness suddenly stays her uplifted arm. And, again, when she hears from Macbeth how he has done two or more murders to screen the first, she sinks down at the tale, thus showing that the woman she had so fearfully disclaimed has already returned to torment and waste her into the grave. So that the sequel proves her to have been better than she was herself aware; for at first her thoughts were so centered and nailed to the object she was in quest of, that she had no place for introversion, and did not suspect what fires of hell she was planting in her bosom. In truth, she had undertaken too much: in her efforts to screw her own and her husband's courage to the sticking-place there was exerted a force of will which answered the end indeed, but at the same time cracked the sinews of nature; though that force of will still enables her to hide the dreadful work that is doing within. She has quite as much if not more of conscience than Macbeth; but its workings are

retrospective, proceed upon deeds, not thoughts; and she is not so made, she has no such sensitive redundancy of imagination, that conscience should be in her senses, causing the howlings of the storm to syllable the awful notes of remorse. And as her conscience is without an organ to project and body forth its revenges, so she may indeed possess them in secret, but she can never repress them: subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she therefore never loses her self-control: the unmitigable corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when her energy of will is bound up in sleep. And for the same cause she is free alike from the terrible apprehensions which make her husband flinch from the first crime, and from the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear that lash and spur him on to other crimes. But the truth of her inward state comes out with an awful mingling of pathos and terror, in the scene where her conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless even when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, that are visible to none but herself, nor even to herself, but when she is blind to every thing else. And what an awful mystery, too, hangs about her death! We know not, the Poet himself seems not to know, whether the gnawings of the undying worm drive her to suicidal violence, or themselves cut asunder the cords of her life: all we know is, that the death of her body springs somehow from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart is written in her thus sinking, sinking away whither imagination shrinks from following, under the violence of an invisible yet unmistakable disease, which still sharpens its inflictions and at the same time quickens her sensibility!

This guilty couple are patterns of conjugal virtue. A tender, delicate, respectful affection sweetens and dignifies their intercourse; the effect of which is rather heightened than otherwise by their ambition, because they seem to thirst for each other's honor as much as for their own.

And this sentiment of mutual respect even grows by their crimes, since their inborn greatness is developed through them, not buried beneath them. And when they find that the crown, which they have waded through so much blood to grasp, does but scald their brows and stuff their pillow with thorns, this begets a still deeper and finer play of sympathies between them. Thenceforth, (and how touching its effect!) a soft subdued undertone of inward sympathetic woe and anguish mingles audibly in the wild rushing of the moral tempest that hangs round their footsteps. Need we add how free they are from any thing little or mean, vulgar or gross? the very intensity of their wicked passion seeming to have assoiled their minds of all such earthly and ignoble incumbrances. And so manifest withal is their innate fitness to reign, that their ambition almost passes as the instinct of faculty for its proper sphere.

Dr. Johnson observes with rare infelicity that this play "has no nice discriminations of character." How far from just is this remark, we trust hath already been made clear enough. In this respect the hero and heroine are equaled only by the Poet's other masterpieces,—by Shylock, Hamlet, Lear, and Iago; while the Weird Sisters, so seemingly akin (though whether as mothers, or sisters, or daughters, we cannot tell) to the thunder-storms that keep them company, occupy the summit of his preternatural creations. Nevertheless it must be owned that the grandeur of the dramatic combination overpowers our impression of the individual characters, and, unless we make a special effort that way, prevents a due notice of their merits; that the delicate limning of the agents is apt to be lost sight of in the magnitude, the manifold unity, and thought-like rapidity of the action.

The style of this drama is pitched in the same high tragic key as the action: throughout we have an explosion, as of purpose into act, so also of thought into speech, both literally kindling with their own swiftness. No sooner thought than said, no sooner said than done, is everywhere

the order of the day. And, therewithal, thoughts and images come crowding and jostling each other in so quick succession that none can gain full utterance, a second still leaping upon the tongue before the first is fairly off. Thus the Poet seems to have endeavored his utmost how much of meaning could be conveyed in how little of expression; with the least touching of the ear to send vibrations through all the chambers of the mind. Hence the large manifold suggestiveness that lurks in the words; they seem instinct with something which the speakers cannot stay to unfold. And between these invitations to linger and the continual drawings onward, the reader's mind is kindled into an almost preternatural illumination and activity. Doubtless this prolonged stretch and tension of thought would at length grow wearisome, and cause an inward flagging and faintness, but that the play, moreover, is throughout a fierce conflict of antagonist elements and opposite extremes, which are so managed as to brace up the interest on every side; so that the effect of the whole is to refresh, not exhaust the powers, the mind being sustained in its long and lofty flight by the wings that grow forth of their own accord from its superadded life. In general, the lyrical, instead of being interspersed here and there in the form of musical lulls and pauses, is thoroughly interfused with the dramatic; while the ethical sense underlies them both, and is occasionally forced up through them by their own pressure. May we not say, in short, that the entire drama is, as it were, a tempest set to music?

Many writers have spoken strongly against the Porter-scene; Coleridge denounces it as unquestionably none of Shakespeare's work. Which makes us almost afraid to trust our own judgment concerning it; yet we cannot but feel it to be in the true spirit of the Poet's method. This strain of droll broad humor, oozing out, so to speak, amid such a congregation of terrors, has always in our case deepened their effect, the strange but momentary diversion causing them to return with the greater force. Of the murder scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking

scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, it were vain to speak. Yet over these sublimely-terrific passages there hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors, and annealing them into matter of delight.—Hallam sets Macbeth down as being, in the language of Drake, “the greatest effort of our author’s genius, the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld”;—a judgment from which most readers will probably be less inclined to dissent, the older they grow.

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

MACBETH

To the Christian moralist Macbeth's guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to the mental physiologist, to whom nerve rather than conscience, the function of the brain rather than the power of the will, is an object of study, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting-point of the action, but the remote causes of the mental phenomena.—BUCKNILL, *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*.

Macbeth wants no disguise of his natural disposition, for it is not bad; he does not affect more piety than he has: on the contrary, a part of his distress arises from a real sense of religion: which makes him regret that he could not join the chamberlains in prayer for God's blessing, and bewail that he has "given his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man." He continually reproaches himself for his deeds; no use can harden him; confidence cannot silence, and even despair cannot stifle, the cries of his conscience. By the first murder he put "rancor in the vessel of his peace"; and of the last he owns to Macduff, "My soul is too charged with blood of thine already."—WHATELY, *Remarks on Some Characters of Shakespere*.

LADY MACBETH

We may be sure that there were few "more thoroughbred or fairer fingers" in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan,

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH Comments

Banquo and the nobles, is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord. He duly appreciated her feelings, but it is a pity that such a woman should have been united to such a man. If she had been less strong of purpose, less worthy of confidence, he would not have disclosed to her his ambitious designs; less resolute and prompt of thought and action, she would not have been called upon to share his guilt; less sensitive or more hardened, she would not have suffered it to prey forever like a vulture upon her heart. She affords, as I consider it, only another instance of what women will be brought to, by a love which listens to no considerations, which disregards all else beside, when the interests, the wishes, the happiness, the honor, or even the passions, caprices, and failings of the beloved object are concerned: and if the world, in a compassionate mood, will gently scan the softer errors of sister-woman, may we not claim a kindly construing for the motives which plunged into the Aceldama of the blood-washed tragedy the sorely-urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth?—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers*.

Lady Macbeth is not thoroughly hateful, for she is not a virago, not an adulteress, not impelled by revenge. On the contrary, she expresses no feeling of personal malignity towards any human being in the whole course of her part. Shakespeare could have easily displayed her crimes in a more commonplace and accountable light, by assigning some feudal grudge as a mixed motive of her cruelty to Duncan; but he makes her a murderess in cold blood, and from the sole motive of ambition, well knowing that if he had broken up the inhuman serenity of her remorselessness by the ruffling of anger, he would have vulgarized the features of the splendid Titaness.

By this entire absence of petty vice and personal virulence, and by concentrating all the springs of her conduct into the one determined feeling of ambition, the mighty poet has given her character a statue-like simplicity, which,

though cold, is spirit-stirring, from the wonder it excites, and which is imposing, although its respectability consists, as far as the heart is concerned, in merely negative decencies. How many villains walk the earth in credit to their graves, from the mere fulfillment of these negative decencies! Had Lady Macbeth been able to smother her husband's babblings, she might have been one of them.—
 CAMPBELL, *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

As she is commonly represented, Lady Macbeth is *nothing* more than the maximum of ambition, a person, who, in order to obtain a crown, avails herself of every means, even the most horrible. Such, indeed, is she, and much more. It may be said that she would set half the earth on fire to reach the throne of the other half. But,—and here lies the depth of her peculiar character,—not for herself alone; but for him, her *beloved* husband. She is a tigress who could rend all who oppose her; but her mate, who, in comparison with her, is gentle, and disposed somewhat to melancholy, him she embraces with genuine love. In relation to him her affection is great and powerful, and bound up with all the roots and veins of her life, and consequently it passes into *weakness*. The connection of this fearful pair is not without a certain touching passionateness, and it is through this that the Lady first *lives* before us, as otherwise she would be almost without distinctive features, and would appear only as the *idea* of the most monstrous criminality. Ambition without Love is cold, French-tragic, and incapable of awakening deep interest. Here Love is the more moving as it reigns in the conjugal relation; and truly, to the atrocious crimes perpetrated by this pair, there was need of such a counterpoise, in order that they may appear as *human beings* suffering wreck, and not as perfect devils.—
 HORN, *Shakespeare Erläutert*.

This is certain, that Shakespeare in the part of Lady Macbeth, as in all his parts, actually relied upon the young

actor to whom the part might be assigned to carry out and complete the representation; and therefore at the present day it becomes the special duty of the actress in this part not in tone, look, or gesture to aggravate the abhorrence which might thus be excited, but to alleviate it, so that to intelligent spectators will be presented not the picture of a Northern Fury, nor of a monster, still less of a heroine or martyr to conjugal love, but that of a woman capable of the greatest elevation, but seized mysteriously by the magic of Passion, only to fall the more terribly, and thus, in spite of our horror at her crime, wringing from us our deepest sympathy.—VON FRIESEN, *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*.

THE GHOST

It is the skepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theater, since, as the skeptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this skepticism, it would never have been doubted that the Ghost should be made visible to the theater, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the Witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the Ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality.

The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for "the air-drawn dagger." To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that

dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not, however, being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.—ROFFE, *An Essay upon the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare*.

THE WEIRD SISTERS

The Weird Sisters who preside over the play as the ministers of evil are partly "metaphysical," as Coleridge, following Lady Macbeth's phrase of "metaphysical aid," justly called them. It has been said that Shakespeare meant them to be no more than the witches of his day as they were commonly conceived. This is quite incredible when we think of that high poetic genius in him which could not have left them unspiritualized by imagination, and which must have felt that these personages, if conceived only as the vulgar witches, would be below the dignity of his tragedy. It is also said that all that was not vulgar in them was in the soul of Macbeth, and not in them. That is a credible theory, but it is not borne out by the text; and it seems to assert that Shakespeare did not believe in, or at least did not as a poet conceive of, spiritual creatures, other than ghosts, who dwelt in a world outside of humanity, and yet could touch it at intervals when certain conditions were fulfilled. These spiritual creatures, as he conceived them, had chiefly to do with nature; were either embodiments of its elemental forces, or their masters. Such were Oberon and Ariel, but they had most to do with the beneficent forces of nature. Here the Weird Sisters command its evil forces. Whether Shakespeare believed in this half-spiritual world of beings, dwelling and acting in a supposed zone between us and the loftier spiritual world, and having powers over the natural world—I cannot tell, but at least he conceived this realm;

and if he believed in it, there were hundreds of persons at his time who were with him in that belief, as there are numbers now who share in it, in spite of science. I do not think, then, that the spiritual part of his conception of the witches was intended by him to exist solely in the mind of Macbeth. On the contrary, I hold that it is incredible Shakespeare should have taken up witches into his tragedy and left them as James I and the rest of the world commonly conceived them. His imagination was far too intense, his representing power much too exacting, to allow him to leave them unidealized. It is true he kept their vulgar elements for the sake of the common folk who did not think; but for those who did, Shakespeare unvulgarized the witches. They materialize themselves only for their purpose of temptation; their normal existence is impalpable, invisible, unearthly.—BROOKE, *Lectures on Shakespeare*.

Shakespeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary dance of witches. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks back, are here a symbol of the hostile powers which operate in nature, and the mental horror outweighs the repugnance of our senses. The witches discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class, for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong; when, however, they address Macbeth, their tone assumes more elevation; their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible

spirit, or the ordering of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Shakespeare*.

THE INCANTATION SCENES

It has been objected to the incantation scenes in Macbeth, that the subjects and language in them are revolting. They are so; nothing, however, can be more irrational than to take exception against them on that score. The witches are an impersonation of those qualities which are antagonist to all that is gentle, and lovely, and peaceful, and good. They are loathsome abstractions of the “evil principle,” and are the precursors, as well as providers of all the stormy passions that shake this poor citadel of man. They represent the repulsive as well as the cruel propensities of our nature; every one, therefore, who is a slave to his lower passions, is spell-bound by the “weird sisters”; and this, I have little doubt, was the moral that Shakespeare intended to read to his brother mortals: for, we should bear in mind that Macbeth was, by nature, an honorable and even generous man; but as he was unable to withstand the impulse of an unworthy ambition, and could not resist the sneers of his uncompromising partner, he rushed into that bottomless hell of torment—a guilty and an upbraiding conscience.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNSEEN WORLD

Every device of Shakespeare has been designed to accentuate the overweening influence of the unseen world. So long as Macbeth is striving to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy, he is a bungler; but at every turn the unseen agency brings fortune to his aid. So soon, however, as he bends his efforts to defeat the intentions of the supernatural world, fortune deserts him. Everything goes wrong. Fleance escapes. Suspicion seizes his nobles. Macduff flies, and Macbeth's insensate revenge has

the effect of bringing to a head the smouldering anger of the nobility. Finally, the unseen universe interferes directly in the scene, and by its deceitful oracles lulls him into a state of false security. Were it not for the prophecy about Birnam wood, Macbeth would have met his foes in the field, and not cooped himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where, as he says himself, "he is tied as a bear to the stake." Had it not been for his belief in his charmed existence he would never have risked his life in single combat with all and sundry of the besieging host. He the *protégé* of destiny had attempted to defy his patron; and to the last farthing he was called upon to pay the price of his temerity.—RANSOME, *Short Studies in Shakespeare's Plots*.

THE KEYNOTE

The keynote of this, the most picturesque, the most lurid and fiercely rapid of all tragedies, is struck in the first scene by a miracle of imagination, and maintained to the end in spite of inequalities. A storm of fear blows through the short five acts. Macbeth's imagination appals him; he struggles entangled in a hellish net. His wife screws her courage to a point at which it will not stick, and the cord snaps under the tension.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

DARKNESS IN THIS TRAGEDY

Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy. It is remarkable that almost all the scenes which at once recur to memory take place either at night or in some dark spot. The vision of the dagger, the murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth, all come in night-scenes. The Witches dance in the thick air of a storm, or, "black and midnight hags," receive Macbeth in a cavern. The blackness of night is to the hero a thing of fear, even of horror; and that which he

feels becomes the spirit of the play. The faint glimmerings of the western sky at twilight are here menacing: it is the hour when the traveler hastens to reach safety in his inn, and when Banquo rides homeward to meet his assassins; the hour when "light thickens," when "night's black agents to their prey do rouse," when the wolf begins to howl, and the owl to scream, and withered murder steals forth to his work. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his "black" desires may be concealed; Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell. The moon is down and no stars shine when Banquo, dreading the dreams of the coming night, goes unwillingly to bed, and leaves Macbeth to wait for the summons of the little bell. When the next day should dawn, its light is "strangled," and "darkness does the face of earth entomb." In the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and, afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. Of the many slighter touches which deepen this effect I notice only one. The failure of nature in Lady Macbeth is marked by her fear of darkness; "she has light by her continually." And in the one phrase of fear that escapes her lips even in sleep, it is of the darkness of the place of torment that she speaks.—BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy*.

POPULARITY OF "MACBETH"

One might have expected that *Macbeth* would prove the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies, both with the actors and with audiences. Such has, however, not been the case. Except on rare occasions, *Macbeth*, despite its apparent supremacy as an "acting play," has less attraction than *Lear*, *Othello*, and, above all, *Hamlet*. Nor is the reason far to seek. Of the two elements which Aristotle's definition requires in tragedy, it has but one. It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It

has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm. The characters on whom the interest is concentrated are not the innocent sufferers, but the guilty workers of woe, and, if not outcasts from our sympathy in the woe they thereby bring upon themselves, they are far from making any demands upon our affection. *Macbeth* stands alone among Shakespeare's great productions as a picture of crime and retribution unrelieved by any softer features. Like some awful Alpine peak, girdled with glaciers and abysses, with no glimpses of flower-bespangled vales and pastures.—KIRKE, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1895.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his sons*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army*

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland*
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*

Young SIWARD, *his son*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*

Boy, *son to Macduff*

An English Doctor

A Scotch Doctor

A Sergeant

A Porter

An Old Man

Lady MACBETH

Lady MACDUFF

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

HECATE

Three Witches

Apparitions

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers

SCENE: *Scotland; England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

The Thane of Cawdor, who has rebelled against his king, Duncan of Scotland, is defeated by Macbeth and Banquo, two Scottish generals. Three witches meet the victorious generals on their return from the battle and greet Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and he that shall be king of Scotland hereafter. To Banquo they promise that he shall be the father of kings, though he be not one himself. While Macbeth is still talking of these prophecies, messengers arrive from Duncan and address him by the king's order, and as a reward for his services, as Thane of Cawdor. As Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, he begins to hope that he may one day be king of Scotland. He tells his desire to his wife and she plots the murder of Duncan, who comes on a visit to their castle.

ACT II

Macbeth, assisted by his wife, murders Duncan, laying the crime on the king's drunken guard. Malcolm and Donalbain, Duncan's sons, flee, the former to England and the latter to Ireland, and therefore they are believed to have suborned the servants to do the deed. Macbeth, as the next heir, is crowned king of Scotland at Scone.

ACT III

The three prophecies have been fulfilled for Macbeth and now he fears that what was promised Banquo may also come true, and that for Banquo's children has he mur-

dered Duncan and destroyed his own peace of mind. He desires the death of Banquo and his only son Fleance, believing that the succession would then be secured to his own descendants. To accomplish this purpose he makes a great feast, particularly inviting Banquo and Fleance. But on their way to the dinner they are set upon by men in Macbeth's pay. Banquo is slain but Fleance escapes. The guests are all assembled except Banquo and the king, about to take his place at the table, when in comes Banquo's ghost. Although it is invisible to all but Macbeth, his fear and remarks break up the feast.

ACT IV

Macbeth consults the witches about the future. They call up apparitions; the first tells him to beware Macduff; the second, "Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; the third, that he "shall never vanquished be until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him." He then asks plainly, "Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?" In reply he is shown the shadows of eight kings, followed by the ghost of Banquo, and is convinced that Banquo's descendants will reign. Joining his followers after his interview with the witches, he is greeted with the news that Macduff has fled to England. Macbeth surprises the castle of Macduff and kills Lady Macduff and her children.

ACT V

Lady Macbeth is unable to throw aside the thought of the murders she and her husband have or have had committed. They trouble her sleeping hours, and she rises from her bed in her sleep, walks the floor, tries to wash imaginary blood-spots from her hands, and talks aloud of the murders. Macbeth fortifies his castle of Dunsinane in preparation for an attack by Macduff, but, relying on the witches' promises, he tries to cast off his fears. Word is

OF MACBETH

Synopsis

brought him of Lady Macbeth's death, probably by her own hand, and almost at the same moment, a messenger announces that Birnam wood is coming toward the castle. This illusion of the moving wood was caused by each man of the attacking army lopping off a limb of a tree as he passed through Birnam wood to use as a covering for his advance. Macbeth, although his nerves are shaken by this materializing of the witch's threat, leads his men forth from the castle, saying, "At least we'll die with harness on our back." He meets Macduff and they fight till Macbeth remembers the words of the spirit, and he tells Macduff that his labor is in vain, for he, Macbeth, bears a charmed life which cannot yield to one born of woman. But his last hope is taken from him when Macduff replies, "Despair thy charm. Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped." The fight is continued and Macbeth is killed. Malcolm, son of Duncan, is proclaimed king of Scotland.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

A desert place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after "*again.*"—I. G.

3. "*hurlyburly*"; the original and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre.*" Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key note of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their re-appearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch.

Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

10

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

'A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant

Exeunt. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.—H. N. H.

3. "*sergeant*"; *sergeants*, in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage-direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain*.—H. N. H.

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
 As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
 wald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
 The multiplying villainies of nature
 Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that
 name—

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valor's minion carved out his passage 20
 Till he faced the slave;

13. "*Of*" here bears the sense of *with*, the two words being then used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Galloglasses*, offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *New Irish Prognostication*: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. . . . The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. . . . These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."—H. N. H.

14. "*damned quarrel*"; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Ff., "*damned quarry*" (cp. IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses "*quarrel*" in the corresponding passage.—I. G.

"*damned*" is *doomed*, fated to destruction.—H. N. H.

20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels, 30

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so
they

for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien*, 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i. e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, "*which*" should have "*he*" (*i. e.* Macbeth) and not "*slave*" as its antecedent.—I. G.

25, 26. "As storms often come from the east, the region of the dawn, so victory may be the starting-point for a fresh attack."—C. H. H.

37. "*so they*"; Ff. give these words at the beginning of l. 38. The

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
 I cannot tell—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honor both. Go get him sur-
 geons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
 should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
 Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
 And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
 With terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

two lines cannot be made into normal verse; but the present arrangement is less harsh to the ear.—C. H. H.

40. To "*memorize*" is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet*, in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."—H. N. H.

54. Steevens chuckles over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona the wife of Mars. Surely a man must be ignorant not to see

Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*]

that the Poet makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—“*Lapp'd in proof*” is covered with armor of proof.—H. N. H.

55. By “*him*” is meant *Norway*, and by “*self-comparisons*” is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.—H. N. H.

SCENE III

*A heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches.**First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.

'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

6. The meaning of "aroint," says Collier, is, "*begone, stand off*," and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt*, but it is the same word." Richardson, however, puts it down as from *Rodere* or *Ronger*, to gnaw, to eat. So that the meaning here would be, as we still say, "*pox on you*," or "*a plague take you*."—H. N. H.

"*rump-fed ronyon*"; a scabby or mangy woman fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.—H. N. H.

8. "*sieve*"; Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas." And in another pamphlet: *Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer*: "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.—H. N. H.

I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

10

Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

20

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

10. "I'll do"; i. e. like a rat, gnaw a hole in the ship's bottom.—C. H. H.

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them.—H. N. H.

15. "And the very ports they blow"; Johnson conj. "various" for "very"; Pope reads "points" for "ports"; Clar. Press edd. "orts": "blow"="blow upon."—I. G.

23. This was supposed to be done by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practiced to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; "for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from sleepe."—H. N. H.

25. In the pamphlet about Dr. Fian, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christined cat was the cause of the Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then being in his companie."—H. N. H.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are
these

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

32. "*weird*"; Ff., "*weyward*" (prob.= "*weird*"); Keightley, "*wey-ard*."—I. G.

"*weird*" is from the Saxon *wyrd*, and means the same as the Latin *fatum*; so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters*, or the *sisters of fate*. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters*. Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The common opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters*, that is (as ye would say) the *goddesses of destinie*, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."—H. N. H.

38. "On one of those days when sunshine and storm struggle for the mastery," Macbeth stands at the critical moment of his fortunes. His surroundings harmonize with the moral strife; and he is significantly made to echo unconsciously the parting cry of the witches in the first scene (l. 11):—

"*Fair is foul, and foul is fair.*"—C. H. H.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king
hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! 69

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I
charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has, 79
And these are of them: whither are they van-
ish'd?

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal
melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had
stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's
here?

84. "*insane root*"; henbane or hemlock.—H. N. H.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself did'st make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Caw-
dor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110

97-98. "*As thick as hail Came post*"; Rowe's emendation; Ff. read "*As thick as tale Can post*."—I. G.

That is, posts come as *fast* as you can *count*.—H. N. H.

OF MACBETH

Act. I. Sc. iii.

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me

Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

120. "*that trusted home*"; such trust, pushed to its logical consequence.—C. H. H.

Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,
Shakes to my single state of man that func-
tion

140

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

141, 142. "*and nothing is but what is not*"; that is, *facts* are lost sight of, I *see* nothing, but what is unreal, nothing but the specters of my own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says,—"*So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation.*" And again,—"*Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt.*" How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.—H. N. H.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mold
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor: my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Forres. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Lennox, and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
 As 'twere a careless trifle. .

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
 The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
 served,
 That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
 ment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay. 21
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,

9. "studied"; that is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behavior of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.—H. N. H.

13. "He was a gentleman," etc. The entrance of Macbeth as these words are spoken gives them the effect of tragic irony.—C. H. H.

22-27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's 'plenteous joys,' Macbeth

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and serv-
ants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Ban-
quo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee 31
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow.
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must

has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.—H. N. H.

38, 39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you:
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that
 is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
 Let not light see my black and deep desires: 51
 The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations I am fed;
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.—H. N. H.

54-58. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says,—“I always think there is something especially Shakespearean in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them.”—H. N. H.

SCENE V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success;
and I have learned by the perfectest report,
they have more in them than mortal knowl-
edge. When I burned in desire to question
them further, they made themselves air, into
which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came missives from the
king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;"
by which title, before, these weird sisters
saluted me, and referred me to the coming 10
on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!"
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my
dearest partner of greatness, that thou
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by
being ignorant of what greatness is promised
thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be 20
great;
Are not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
 false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou 'ldst have,
 great Glamis,
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
 have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
 hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round, 30
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M.

Thou 'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

25-27. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words "*that which*" in line 26, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after "*undone*"; but "*that which*" is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read "*and that's which*" or "*and that's what*."—I. G.

"Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have every thing he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as, alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."—H. N. H.

32. "*To have thee crown'd*" is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. sc. 2: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business, and would *seem to have* us make denial."—H. N. H.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*]

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 41
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,

40-42. "*The raven himself*," etc.; this passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon "*my*"; as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating "*come*," thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.—H. N. H.

42. The "*spirits*" here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*: "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii*, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed the *spirit of revenge*."—H. N. H.

48, 49. "*nor keep peace . . . it*"; one might naturally think this should read,—"*Nor break peace between the effect and it*"; that is, nor make the effect contradict, or fall at strife with, the purpose. The sense, however, doubtless is, nor make any delay, any rest, any *pause for thought*, between the purpose and the act. Thus in Davenant's alteration of this play: "That no relapses into mercy may

And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-
isters, 50

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

shake my design, nor make it fall before 'tis ripen'd to effect."—
H. N. H.

54. At the outset Lady Macbeth is ready to commit the murder
with her own hands.—C. H. H.

55. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596:
"The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."—This appalling
speech has been aptly commented on by Coleridge: "Lady Mac-
beth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized;—of high rank,
left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition,
she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the
consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude
of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a
superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks
in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech
is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to
dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her in-
vocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accus-
tomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough
to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never
as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent
realities."—H. N. H.

Macb. My dearest love, 60

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch; 70
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

65. "*To beguile the time*"; to deceive the world.—C. H. H.

SCENE VI

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's
breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant
cradle:

1. "The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life" (Sir J. Reynolds).—H. N. H.

4. "martlet"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*Barlet*."—I. G.

5. "loved mansionry"; Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*loved mansionry*"; Pope (ed. 2), "*loved masonry*."—I. G.

6. "jutty, frieze"; Pope, "*jutting frieze*"; Staunton conj. "*jutty, nor frieze*," &c.—I. G.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed

The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honor'd hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?

9. "*most*"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*must*"; Collier MS., "*much*."
—I. G.

13. To "*bid*" is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. "*God 'ild us*," is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?—H. N. H.

14. Here again we must quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the labored rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the *dignities*, the general duty."—H. N. H.

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,

To make their audit 'at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII

Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers
Servants with dishes and service, and pass
over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

"Enter a Sewer"; an officer so called from his placing the dishes
on the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.—H. N. H.

4. *"his"* for *its*, referring to assassination.—H. N. H.

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these
 cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed
 justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
 chalice

To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Dun-
 can

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no
 spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

6. "shoal"; Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, "schoole."—I. G.

8. "that"; so that.—C. H. H.

23. "the sightless couriers of the air" are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.—H. N. H.

28. Hanmer inserted *side* here upon conjecture, and some editors

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valor 40
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

have followed him. *Side* may have been meant by the Poet, but it was not said. And the sense *feels* better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly-expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he has a prospect of any news.—It hath been ingeniously proposed to change *itself* into *its sell*, an old word for *saddle*. But no change is necessary, the using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* being quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say, such a one *overshot himself*, that is, overshot his mark, his aim.—H. N. H.

45. "*Like the poor cat i' the adage*"; "The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete," Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"—I. G.

OF MACBETH

Act I. Sc. vii.

Macb.

Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.

What beast was 't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man; 49

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that, their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you

Have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail! 59

47. "*do more*"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*no more*."—I. G.

50. "*to be*"; by being.—C. H. H.

54–59. "*I have given*," etc.; it is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.—H. N. H.

59. "*We fail*"; three modes of pointing have been pitched upon

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
 two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very dag-
 gers,
 That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
 Upon his death?

here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.). Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail*. At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*. Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."—H. N. H.

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

5. "*that*"; some other part of his accoutrement, probably the shield or targe. "On the stage the action would explain, and all Shakespeare's plays were written for the stage" (Chambers).—C. H. H.

7-9. "*Merciful powers . . . repose!*"; it is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.—H. N. H.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword

Who's there?

10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. 19
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
'To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

14. "*offices*"; so in the original, but usually changed to *officers*.
Of course the bounty was sent forth for those employed in the
offices.—H. N. H.

23. "*We*"; perhaps an involuntary anticipation of the kingly "*we*."
Macbeth's acting is, at this stage, far inferior to his wife's.—C. H. H.

24–26. "*At your kind'st leisure . . . for you*"; a deal of critical
and editorial ink has been needlessly spent about this innocent pas-
sage. The meaning evidently is, if you will stick to my side, to what
has my *consent*; if you will tie yourself to my fortunes and counsel.
—H. N. H.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-
world 49

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
 pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
 design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set
 earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
 fear

50. "*Nature seems dead*"; in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, we have the following lines:

"'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
 In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
 No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
 No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
 Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
 Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
 I am great in blood,
 Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
 That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
 From your large palms."—H. N. H.

51. "*sleep*"; Steevens conj. "*sleeper*," but no emendation is necessary; the pause after "*sleep*" is evidently equivalent to a syllable.—I. G.

55. "*Tarquin's ravishing strides*"; Pope's emendation; Ff., "*Tarquins ravishing sides*."—I. G.

The original has *sides*, which Pope changed to *strides*. This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene*, book iv. can. 8, stan. 37:

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With *easie* steps so *soft* as foot could *stryde*."—H. N. H.

56. "*sure*"; Pope's conj., adopted by Capell; Ff. 1, 2, "*sowre*."—I. G.

57. "*which way they walk*"; Rowe's emendation; Ff., "*which they may walk*."—I. G.

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he
 lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 [*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath
 made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
 Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

60. "*which now suits with it*"; Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.—H. N. H.

3. "*the fatal bellman*"; the owl, as a bird of ill omen, is compared to the "bellman" sent to condemn persons the night before they suffer.

Webster imitated this in the *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2:—

"Hark now everything is still
 The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
 Call upon our dame aloud,
 And bid her quickly don her shroud."—C. H. H.

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked 10
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers
ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry.

13, 14. "*had he not resembled,*" etc.; Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this "one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through the imagination in case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble drama, *The Piccolomini*, Act iv. sc. 4: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*." And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavoring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.—H. N. H.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Aye.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 19

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the
other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's
hands:

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the
house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no
more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-43).—I. G.

35-40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing,—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible; whilst previously every thing, however awful, appeared a mere trifle: conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."—H. N. H.

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: 50

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine
eyes! 59

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

53-55. "*Give me . . . devil*"; with her firm self-control, this bold bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts*: when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.—H. N. H.

60. "*Will all great Neptune's ocean,*" etc.; this is one of the most remarkable reminiscences of Seneca in Shakespeare:—

"Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
Maeotis undis pontico incumbens mari?
non ipse toto magnus oceano páter
tantum expiarit sceleris" (*Hippolytus*, 723).—C. H. H.

63. To "*incarnadine*," is to color red.—H. N. H.

64. "*Making the green one red*"; of course the sense of the line is "*Making the green water all red.*" Milton's *Comus* has a like expression: "And makes *one* blot of all the air."—H. N. H.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]

I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]

Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us ⁷⁰

And show us to be watchers: be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know my-
self. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
could'st! [*Exeunt.*]

68, 69. "*Your constancy,*" etc.; that is, your firmness hath forsaken you, doth not attend you.—H. N. H.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *he thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."—H. N. H.

SCENE III

*The same.**Enter a Porter. Knocking within.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, 10 that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French

Sc. 3. "Knocking within"; some sentences from De Quincey's suggestive note on this interruption and the following scene may be quoted:—"When the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."—C. H. H.

2. "*old*" was a common augmentative.—H. N. H.

hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast
your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock,
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But 20
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-
porter it no further: I had thought to have
let in some of all professions, that go the
primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray
you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great pro- 30
voker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unpro-
vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance: therefore much
drink may be said to be an equivocator with
lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it
sets him on and it takes him off; it per- 40
suades him and disheartens him; makes him
stand to and not stand to; in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him
the lie, leaves him.

23. "*the primrose way*," etc.; so in *Hamlet*: "Himself the *prim-rose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "*The flowery way* that leads to the great fire."—H. N. H.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast 50 him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. 60 This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure
bird 69

Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty? 80

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

78. "The Lord's anointed temple"; a blending of two scriptural phrases: "the Lord's anointed" (as in *Rich. III*, iv. 4.) and "ye are the temple of the living God."—C. H. H.

82. There were three Gorgons, but the reference is to Medusa, whose head, fixed on Minerva's shield, turned all beholders to stone.—C. H. H.

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Ban-
quo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. 90
[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so. 100

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom? 110

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with
blood;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: 120

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

123. "*golden blood*"; to *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays, Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our
tongues, 130

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken
here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis only."—H. N. H.

138. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.—H. N. H.

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us: 141

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-
land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune 150
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

142-144. Banquo's meaning is,—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.—H. N. H.

145. "*manly readiness*"; i. e. the equipment and mood of battle.—C. H. H.

152. "*the near in blood*"; meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—H. N. H.

154. "*hath not yet lighted*"; suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.—H. N. H.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this
 sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
 act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the traveling
 lamp:

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

7. "*traveling*"; Collier and Verplanck change *traveling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea"; whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *traveling* lamp,' the epithet '*traveling*' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore, that '*traveling*' is changed to '*travailing*,' the word 'lamp' CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN." To which we will add, that if *traveling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." It should be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*.—H. N. H.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday
last

A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange
and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

8-10. "After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months together there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—H. N. H.

18. "*eat each other*"; Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl*," and that "*horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*."—H. N. H.

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon
them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of
foes! 41

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Aye, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with
you?

Ban. Aye, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit Banquo. 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-
der'd;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace

Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
 kings! 70

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's
 there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
 [*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
 you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
 instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else
 that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

71, 72. "Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."—H. N. H.

81. "borne in hand"; to bear in hand is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.—H. N. H.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
 grave 90

And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
 curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill 100

That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110

101. "*writes them all alike*"; includes all their varieties under the same generic name of "dog."—C. H. H.

I do to spite the world.

First Mur.

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb.

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur.

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my
sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur.

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

First Mur.

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves, 129
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

130. "you with the perfect spy o' the time"; Johnson conj. "you with a"; Tyrwhitt conj. "you with the perfect spot, the time"; Beckett conj. "you with the perfectry o' the time"; Grant White, from Collier MS., "you, with a perfect spy, o' the time"; Schmidt interprets "spy" to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand";

The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always
thought

That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within. 140
[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

according to others "*spy*"=the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, "the exact spying out of the time," *i. e.* "the moment on 't," which in the text follows in apposition.—I. G.

SCENE II

*The palace.**Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.**Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Aye, madam, but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.*Lady M.* Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.*Enter Macbeth.*How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died 10With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,16-19. "*But let . . . nightly*"; the process of Macbeth's mind
is thus suggested by Coleridge: "Ever and ever mistaking the

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
 poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
 night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
 Present him eminence, both with eye and
 tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honors in these flattering
 streams,
 And make our faces visards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

anguish of conscience for fears of selfishness, and thus, as a punishment of that selfishness, plunging still deeper in guilt and ruin." But is it not the natural result of an imagination so redundant and excitable as his, that the agonies of remorse should project and embody themselves in imaginary terrors, and so, for security against these, put him upon new crimes?—H. N. H.

20. "*our peace*"; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*our place*."—I. G.

21. "*on the torture of the mind to lie*"; an allusion to the rack.—

C. H. H.

34, 35. The sense of this passage appears to be,—It is a sign that

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's sum-
mons 41

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow 50

our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.—H. N. H.

38. Ritson has justly observed that "*nature's copy*" alludes to *copyhold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*, having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal*.—H. N. H.

49. "*Cancel*," etc.; a continuation of the image in line 37.—C. H. H.
"*that great bond*" is Banquo's life. So in *Richard III*, Act iv. sc. 4: "*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."—H. N. H.

50. "*Light thickens*"; thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:

"Fold your flocks up, for the air

'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun

Already his great course hath run."—H. N. H.

Makes wing to the rocky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.

Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by
ill:

So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
 So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
 Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away and say how much is
 done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at
 first

And last a hearty welcome.

1. "at first"; Johnson with great plausibility proposes to read "to first and last."—H. N. H.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*]
There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

20

Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had
else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

14. "'Tis better thee without than he within"; probably "he"
instead of "him" for the sake of effective antithesis with "thee";
unless, as is possible, "he within"="he in this room."—I. G.

That is, I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face
than he in this room.—H. N. H.

As broad and general as the casing air:
 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound
 in
 To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's
 safe?

Mur. Aye, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
 [*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm
 that's fled
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
 No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-
 morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at
 home;
 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.
 [*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's
 place.*

34. "that is not often vouch'd"; the last clause of this sentence evidently depends upon *vouch'd*: "that is not often vouch'd to be given with welcome." There were no need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier mars the sense by putting a semicolon after *making*.—
 H. N. H.

OF MACBETH

Act III. Sc. iv.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor
roof'd, 40

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your
highness

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves
your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's
 done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
 you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
 too. 70

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
 time,

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
 Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,

64. "*Impostors to true fear*"; that is, these self-generated fears are impostors, compared to true fear,—that fear which springs from real danger,—such danger as you have often outfaced. This use of *to for compared to*, or *in comparison with*, has puzzled the commentators hugely, but was very common in the old writers, and is so still.—H. N. H.

72, 73. "*our monuments*," etc.; the same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene*, b. ii. can. 8: "Be not entombed in the raven or the kight."—H. N. H.

76. "*purged the gentle weal*"; purged the state of violence and hence made it "gentle."—C. H. H.

78. "*time has*"; F. 1, "*times has*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*times have*"; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.—I. G.

That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end; but now they rise again, 80

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill
full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. 92

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!

92. "*Re-enter Ghost*"; much question has been made of late, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as we have seen in the Introduction, witnessed this play at the Globe, April 20, 1610, and who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen,

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; 101
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Why, so: being gone,
 I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him.* And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo*, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."—H. N. H.

105–106. "*If trembling I inhabit then*"; various emendations have been proposed, *e. g.* "*I inhibit*," "*me inhibit*," "*I inhibit thee*," "*I inherit*," &c.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean "*If I then put on the habit of trembling*," *i. e.* "*if I invest myself in trembling*" (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).—I. G.

That is, if *I stay at home then*. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle, or any *habitation*; if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl." But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.—H. N. H.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120

Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak;

Augures and understood relations have

111. "overcome"; pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes, unregarded.—H. N. H.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.—H. N. H.

122. The Folios read:—

*"It will have blood they say;
Blood will have blood."*—I. G.

By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
abuse 142

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

144. "*in deed*"; Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*indeed*"; Hanmer, "*in deeds*."—I. G.

SCENE V

*A heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.**First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
 Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth
 In riddles and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done 10
 Hath been but for a wayward son,

Sc. 5. The scene is probably an interpolation.—C. H. H.
 1. Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our dame Hecate." We have already, in act i. sc. 1 given a passage from Coleridge, stating the difference between the Weird Sisters and the vulgar witches. It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," &c. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.—L. N. H.

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air; this night I 'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it comes to ground:

And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprights

As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away,
come away,' &c.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she 'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*

13. "*Loves*"; Halliwell conj. "*Lives*"; Staunton conj. "*Loves evil*."
—I. G.

24. "*vaporous drop*" seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.—H. N. H.

SCENE VI

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of
sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Aye, and wisely
too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they
should find

Sc. 6. "Forres" is Capell's suggestion.—C. H. H.

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he
 fail'd 21

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court, and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Mac-
 duff

Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
 That by the help of these, with Him above
 To ratify the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
 knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honors:
 All which we pine for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the
 time

That clogs me with this answer.'

27. "*the most pious Edward,*" i. e. Edward the Confessor.—I. G.

35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from
 bloody knives."—H. N. H.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries "Tis time, 'tis time."

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

6. So in the original. Pope would read, "under *the* cold stone"; Steevens, "under *coldest* stone"; the latter of which is commonly followed. There seems, indeed, no call for any discord here, such as comes by omitting a syllable from the verse, and perhaps something dropped out in the printing. Yet to our ear the extending of *cold* to the time of two syllables *feels* right enough. At all events, we stick to the original.—H. N. H.

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe 30

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

25. "*the dark*"; as the season of misdeeds.—C. H. H.

28. "*in the moon's eclipse*"; a season proverbially ill-omened; *cf.*

Lear i. 2. 117, *Sonnets* lx. and cvii.—C. H. H.

34. In sorting the materials wherewith the Weird Sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and compound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens*. But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require, him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents: explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me: 51
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches! though the yesty waves

43. "*Black spirits*"; this song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from *Midleton's Witch*, the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the last century. We give it here, not feeling authorized to print it in the text:

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Probably both songs were taken from "the traditional wizard poetry of the drama."—H. N. H.

Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
 down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the
 treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
 To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from
 our mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:

68. The "armed head" represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane (Upton).—H. N. H.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.
[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned with a tree in his hand.

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest*: "Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd."—H. N. H.

72. "Dismiss me: enough"; spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.—H. N. H.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears* I had."—H. N. H.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no
care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know:

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other
stance the accent is misplaced. Thus in *Hervey's Life of King*
Robert Bruce, 1729:

"Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
When Canmore battled and the villain fell."—H. N. H.

97. "*Rebellion's head*"; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff.
ad "*Rebellious dead*"; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald,
Rebellious head."—I. G.

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,
eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see 120

111. "*A show of Eight Kings*"; Banquo is reputed to have been an ancestor of the Stuarts. Walter Stuart married the grand-daughter of Robert Bruce, and their son was Robert II. His descendants, who sat upon the throne, were Robert III and the six kings called James. Mary, daughter of James V, is omitted in the vision, as the witches' prophecy related only to kings.—C. H. H.

119. "*a glass*"; the notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein anyone might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure*, Act. II. scene ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils*," &c.—H. N. H.

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Aye, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round, 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then
vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did
hear

121. "balls"; the globe, part of the king's insignia. In 1542 Henry VIII took the title of King of Ireland. When James VI of Scotland came to the English throne the three scepters were united. Thus he alone of the eight could carry "two-fold balls and treble scepters."—C. H. H.

The galloping of horse: who was 't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Aye, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread
exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;

This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentle-
men?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

3, 4. "*when our actions . . . traitors*"; our flight is considered as evidence of treason.—H. N. H.

18. "*when we are traitors And do not know ourselves*," i. e. when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, "*know 't o.*"; Keightley, "*know it ourselves*"; but no change seems necessary.—I. G.

19–20. "*when we hold rumor*," &c.; i. e. "when we interpret rumor in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear."—I. G.

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent sea 21
 Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
 ward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead: 30
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net
 nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
 not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

22. "*Each way and move*"; Theobald conj. "*Each way and wave*"; Capell, "*And move each way*"; Steevens conj. "*And each way move*"; Johnson conj. "*Each way, and move—*"; Jackson conj. "*Each wail and moan*"; Ingleby conj. "*Which way we move*"; Anon. conj. "*And move each wave*"; Staunton conj. "*Each sway and move*"; Daniel conj. "*Each way it moves*"; Camb. edd. conj. "*Each way and none*"; perhaps "*Each way we move*" is the simplest reading of the words.—I. G.

"and move"; if right, these obscure words probably make explicit the idea of movement to and fro implied in "floating" on "a wild and violent sea."—C. H. H.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Aye, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
 If you will take a homely man's advice,
 Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
 To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
 To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
 serve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
 Do I put up that womanly defense,
 To say I have done no harm?—What are these
 faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

71. "do worse," i. e. "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, "do less"; Capell, "do less").—I. G.

83. "shag-ear'd"; the old copy has *shag-ear'd*, upon which Mr. Knight remarks,—“This should be probably *shag-hair'd*.” Mr. Dyce, quoting this remark, adds,—“Assuredly it should: formerly, *hair* was often written *hear*; and *shag-hear'd* was doubtless altered by a mistake of the transcriber, or the original compositor, to *shag-*

*First Mur.*What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'**Exeunt murderers, following her.*

SCENE III

*England. Before the King's palace.**Enter Malcolm and Macduff.**Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.*Macd.* Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new
mornNew widows howl, new orphans cry, new sor-
rows*ear'd.* King Midas, after his decision in favor of Pan, is the only human being on record to whom the latter epithet could be applied." *Shag-hair'd* was a common term of abuse. In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of this Age*, 1596, we have "*shag-heard* slave."—H. N. H.85. *Exit, etc.*; "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John*; in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans' examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."—H. N. H.

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him
well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something
You may deserve of him through me; and wis-
dom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon; 20
That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

10. "*to friend*"; opportune.—C. H. H.

15. "*deserve*"; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff. 1, 2, "*discerne*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*discern*"; —, "*and wisdom*"; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads "*'tis wisdom*"; Steevens conj. "*and wisdom is it*"; Collier conj. "*and 'tis wisdom*"; Staunton conj. "*and wisdom 'tis*" or "*and wisdom bids*"; Keightley, "*and wisdom 'twere*."—I. G.
"*through me*" means, *by putting me out of the way*.—H. N. H.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly
just, 30

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou
thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

24. "my hopes"; i. e. hopes of welcome from Malcolm, who withholds it from distrust, aroused by Macduff's abandonment of wife and children.—C. H. H.

Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before,
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Mac-
 beth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh- 61
 ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust, and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear,
 That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink:

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,

72. "time"; world.—C. H. H.

Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore
thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my
breast,

Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my
thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Mac-
beth

111. "*Died every day she lived*," "lived a life of daily mortification"
(Delius).—I. G.

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speak-
ing 130

Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I
pray you? 140

Doct. Aye, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited peo-
ple, 150

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

149-159. Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The "*golden stamp*" was the coin called *angel*.—H. N. H.

153. "*Hanging a golden stamp*," etc.; each person touched received a gold coin. Sir Thomas Browne wrote sixty years later: "The King's Purse knows that the King's Evil grows more common."—C. H. H.

OF MACBETH

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend
the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

177. "well"; thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "We use to say, *the dead are well*."—H. N. H.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes 't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tid-
ings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not
speak

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break. 210

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

216. "*He has no children*"; "he" is probably Malcolm, whose talk of comfort at such a moment is thus rebutted and explained. Macbeth lies wholly beyond the pale of such reproach.—C. H. H.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Mac-
duff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
heavens, 231

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day. 240

[*Exeunt*]

235. "tune"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "time."—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentle-
woman.*

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it,
afterwards seal it, and again return to bed;
yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive 10
at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects
of watching! In this slumbery agitation,
besides her walking and other actual per-
formances, what, at any time, have you
heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after
her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no 20
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Aye, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how 30
she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: 40
two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is
murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
afeard? What need we fear who knows it,
when none can call our power to account?
Yet who would have thought the old man to
have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

29. "*sense is shut*"; Rowe's emendation of Ff., "*sense are shut*". S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, "*sense' are shut*." The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, "*sense*" being taken as a plural.—I. G.

40. "*Hell is murky*"; of course Lady Macbeth dreams of being in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, "*Hell is murky*," she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.—H. N. H.

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where
is she now? What, will these hands ne'er
be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no
more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: heaven knows what she has
known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged. 60

50. "*starting*"; she is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.—H. N. H.

56-58. Upon this, the awfulest passage in this most awful scene, Mr. Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapors of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"—adds,—"How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand? And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!'"—H. N. H.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your night-gown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. 70

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds 80
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:

My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

1. "*them*," i. e. the thanes.—I. G.

All mortal consequences have pronounced me
thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear 9

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch!
Death of my soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face!

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

11. "*cream-faced loon*"; this word, which signifies a base abject fellow, is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelled *lown*, and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or *abase*. *Lout* has the same origin.—H. N. H.

21. "*cheer*"; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, "*chair*": —; "*disseat*," Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; F. 1, "*dis-*

I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
 not.

Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 hacked.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
 armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

eat"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*disease*"; Bailey conj. "*disseize*"; Daniel conj. "*defeat*"; Furness, "*dis-ease*"; Perring conj. "*disheart*."—I. G.

22. "*way of life*"; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation "*May of life*," and several editors have accepted the conjecture.—I. G.

For "*way of life*" Johnson and others would read "*May of life*," which will not go at all with the context; for Macbeth is not in the spring, but in the autumn of life; and the cause of his distress is not that his *old age* is premature, but that it is without its proper accompaniments. Gifford in his edition of Massinger says,—"*Way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple peraphrasis for *life*," and he makes it good by many examples.—H. N. H.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, 50
cast

The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them?

44. "*stuff'd*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*stuf't*"; Pope, "*full*"; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, "*foul*"; Anon. conj. "*fraught*"; "*press'd*"; Bailey conj. "*stain'd*"; Mull conj. "*steep'd*": —; "*stuff*"; so Ff. 3, 4; Jackson conj. "*tuft*"; Collier (ed. 2), from Collier MS., "*grief*"; Keightley, "*matter*"; Anon. conj. "*slough*," "*freight*"; Kinnear conj. "*fraught*."—I. G.

50, 54, 58. In his disturbed state Macbeth puts on and takes off his armor.—C. H. H.

55. "*senna*"; so F. 4; F. 1, "*Cyme*"; Ff. 2, 3, "*Caeny*"; Bulloch conj. "*sirrah*."—I. G.

Doct. Aye, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and
clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Country near Birnam wood

*Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and
his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox, Ross and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10

58. "*it*," i. e. the armor.—I. G.

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sirw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum
and colors.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come;' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

11. Dr. Johnson thought that we should read,—“where there is a *vantage* to be *gone*,”—that is, when there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read,—“where there is advantage to be *gain'd*”;—and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.—H. N. H.

18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. We make this note simply because Mason and Singer have vented an unworthy sneer, not indeed at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.—H. N. H.

Till famine and the ague eat them up:
 Were they not forced with those that should be
 ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to
 beard,
 And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears: 9
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with hor-
 rors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

6. "*dareful*"; defiantly.—C. H. H.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."—H. N. H.

There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
 quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30

I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

21. "*the last syllable of recorded time*" seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life.—H. N. H.

23. "*dusty death*"; death brings back "dust to dust."—C. H. H.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies: he puts on despondency, the final heart-armor of the wretched, and would fain think every thing shadowy and unsubstantial; as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."—H. N. H.

35. Here most modern editions insert a stage-direction, "[*Striking*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, 39
 Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam
 wood

Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
 done. 50

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come,
 wrack!

At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

him.]" There is none such in the old copies, and Mr. Kemble has shown ample reason why there should be none. "Such outrageous violence," says he, "does not belong to the feelings of a person overwhelmed with surprise, half doubting, half believing an event, at once in nature most strange, and to himself of the most fatal importance."—H. N. H.

42. "*I pull in*"; Johnson thought this should read,—"*I pall in resolution*," that is, *flag*; but Mason has brought from Fletcher a passage showing that *pull* is probably right: "All my spirits, as if they had heard my passing bell go for me, *pull in their powers*, and give me up to destiny."—H. N. H.

SCENE VI

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw
down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death. 10

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's
he

2. "bear-like"; this was a phrase at bear-baiting. "Also you shall

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword 10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy
face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

see two ten-dog courses at the great bear" (*Antipodes*, by Brome).—
H. N. H.

Are hired to bear their staves: either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be; 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

SCENE VIII

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

22. "bruited" is reported, noised abroad; from *bruit*, Fr.—H. N. H.

24. "gently render'd"; surrendered without resistance.—C. H. H.

1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica.—H. N. H.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou lovest labor:

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me
bleed: 10

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20

7. "my voice is in my sword"; thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar*: "Speak, hands, for me."—H. N. H.

9. "intrenchant"; the air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet*: "For it is as the air invulnerable."—H. N. H.

12. "I bear a charmed life"; in the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act v.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*, could not find death."—H. N. H.

20. "palter"; equivocate.—C. H. H.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse. 29
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold,
enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors,
Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thaness,
and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

34. "*Hold, enough*"; to cry *hold!* was the word of yielding, that is, when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, declaring it to be a capital offense "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in Act i. sc. 5, of this play: "Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark to cry *Hold! hold!*"—H. N. H.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Aye, and brought off the field: your cause:
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Aye, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains*, from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'"—H. N. H.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time ⁶⁰
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else ⁷¹
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

56. "*thy kingdom's pearl*"; the flower of thy nobles.—C. H. H.

63. "*Henceforth be earls*"; "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles*; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Lennox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- A ONE, a man; (Theobald from Davenant, "*a Thane*"; Grant White, "*a man*"); III. iv. 131.
- ABSOLUTE, positive; III. vi. 40.
- ABUSE, deceive; II. i. 50.
- ACHERON, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.
- ADDER'S FORK, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.
- ADDITION, title; I. iii. 106.
- ADDRESS'D THEM, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.
- ADHERE, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.
- ADMIR'D, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.
- ADVISE, instruct; III. i. 129.
- AFFAID, afraid; I. iii. 96.
- AFFECTION, disposition; IV. iii. 77.
- AFFEER'D, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.
- ALARM, call to arms; V. ii. 4.
- ALARUM'D, alarmed; II. i. 53.
- ALL, any; III. ii. 11.
- ; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.
- ALL-THING, in every way; III. i. 13.
- A-MAKING, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.
- ANGEL, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.
- ANGERLY, angrily; III. v. 1.
- ANNOYANCE, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.
- ANON, immediately; I. i. 10.
- ANON, ANON, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 25.
- AN'T, if it; (Ff., "*and 't*"); III. vi. 19.
- ANTIC, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.
- ANTICIPATEST, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.
- APACE, quickly; III. iii. 6.
- APPLY, be devoted; III. ii. 30.
- APPROVE, prove; I. vi. 4.
- ARGUMENT, subject, theme; II. iii. 131.
- ARM'D, encased in armor; III. iv. 101.
- AROINT THEE, begone; I. iii. 6.
- ARTIFICIAL, made by art; III. v. 27.
- AS, as if; II. iv. 18.
- ASSAY; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.
- ATTEND, await; III. ii. 3.
- AUGURES, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.
- AUTHORIZED BY, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.
- AVOUCH, assert; III. i. 120.
- BABY OF A GIRL, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.
- BADGED, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 112.

- BANE, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.
- BATTLE, division of an army; V. vi. 4.
- BEGUILE, deceive; I. v. 65.
- BELLONA, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.
- BEND UP, strain; I. vii. 79.
- BENISON, blessing; II. iv. 40.
- BENT, determined; III. iv. 134.
- BEST, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.
- BESTOW'D, staying; III. i. 30.
- BESTOWS HIMSELF, has settled; III. vi. 24.
- BESTRIDE, stand over in posture of defense; IV. iii. 4.
- BIDES, lies; III. iv. 26.
- BILL, catalogue; III. i. 100.
- BIRNAM, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.
- BIRTHDOM, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.
- BLADED; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
- BLIND-WORM, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
- BLOOD-BOLTER'D, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
- BLOW, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
- BODEMENTS, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
- BOOT; "to b.," in addition; IV. iii. 37.
- BORNE, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.
- BORNE IN HAND, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
- BOSOM, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
- BRAINSICKLY, madly; II. ii. 46.
- BREAK, disclose; I. vii. 48.
- BREECH'D, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood"; (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 127.
- BREED, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
- BRINDED, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
- BRING, conduct; II. iii. 57.
- BROAD, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
- BROIL, battle; I. ii. 6.
- BROKE OPE, broken open; II. iii. 77.
- BUT, only; I. vii. 6.
- BY, past; IV. i. 137.
- BY THE WAY, casually; III. iv. 130.
- CABIN'D, confined; III. iv. 24.
- CAPTAINS, trisyllabic; (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
- CARELESS, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
- CASING, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
- 'CAUSE, because; III. vi. 21.
- CENSURES, opinion; V. iv. 14.
- CHAMPION ME, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
- CHANCED, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
- CHAPS, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
- CHARGE; "in an imperial c.," in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
- CHARGED, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
- CHAUDRON, entrails; IV. i. 33.
- CHILDREN (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.
- CHOKER THEIR ART, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
- CHUCK, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
- CLEAR, serenely; I. v. 73.
- , innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
- , unstained; II. i. 28.
- CLEARNESS, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.

CLEFT, called; III. i. 94.
 CLING, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
 CLOSE, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
 CLOSE, secret; III. v. 7.
 CLOSED, enclosed; III. i. 99.
 CLOUDY, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
 COCK, cock-crow; "the second c.", *i. e.*, about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 29.
 COIGN OF VANTAGE, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
 COLD, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
 COLME-KILL, *i. e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
 COME, which have come; I. iii. 144.
 COMMAND UPON, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
 COMMENDS, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
 COMMISSION; "those in c.", those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.
 COMPOSITION, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
 COMPT; "in c.", in account; I. vi. 26.
 COMPUNCTIONS, pricking the conscience; I. v. 47.
 CONCLUDED, decided; III. i. 141.
 CONFINELESS, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
 CONFOUNDS, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
 CONFRONTED, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
 CONFUSION, destruction; II. iii. 76.
 CONSEQUENCES; *v.* mortal; V. iii. 5.
 CONSENT, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
 CONSTANCY, firmness; II. ii. 68.
 CONTEND AGAINST, vie with; I. vi. 16,

CONTENT, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
 CONTINENT, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
 CONVERT, change; IV. iii. 229.
 CONVEY, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
 CONVINCE, overpower; I. vii. 64.
 CONVINCES, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
 COPY, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
 CORPORAL, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
 —; "each c. agent," *i. e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
 COUNSELORS; "c. to fear," fear's counselors, *i. e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
 COUNTENANCE, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 90.
 CRACK OF DOOM, burst of sound, thunder, at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
 CRACKS, charges; I. ii. 37.
 CROWN, head; IV. i. 113.
 DAINTY OF, particular about; II. iii. 155.
 DEAR, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
 DEGREES, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
 DELIVER THEE, report to thee; I. v. 12.
 DELIVERS, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
 DEMI-WOLVES, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
 DENIES, refuses; III. iv. 128.
 DETRACTION, defamation; "mine own d.", the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
 DEVIL (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
 DEW, bedew; V. ii. 30.
 DISJOINT, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
 DISPLACED, banished; III. iv. 109.

DISPUTE IT, fight against it; (?)
reason upon it (Schmidt); IV.
iii. 220.

DISSEAT, unseat; V. iii. 21.

DISTANCE, hostility; III. i. 116.

DOFF, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.

DOUBT, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 67.

DRINK; "my d.," *i. e.* "my pos-
set"; II. i. 31.

DROWSE, become drowsy; III. ii.
52.

DUDGEON, handle of a dagger; II.
i. 46.

DUNNEST, darkest; I. v. 53.

EARNEST, pledge, money paid be-
forehand; I. iii. 104.

EASY, easily; II. iii. 148.

ECSTASY, any state of being be-
side one's self, violent emotion;
III. ii. 22.

EFFECTS, acts, actions; V. i. 11.

EGG, term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.

EMINENCE, distinction; III. ii. 31.

ENGLAND, the King of England;
IV. iii. 43.

ENKINDLE, incite; I. iii. 121.

ENOW, enough; II. iii. 7.

ENTRANCE, (trissyllabic); I. v. 41.

EQUIVOCATE TO HEAVEN, get to
heaven by equivocation; II. iii.
13.

EQUIVOCATOR, (probably alluding
to Jesuitical equivocation; Gar-
net, the superior of the order
was on his trial in March,
1606); II. iii. 10.

ESTATE, royal dignity, succession
to the crown; I. iv. 37.

ETERNAL JEWEL, immortal soul;
III. i. 68.

ETERNE, perpetual; III. ii. 38.

EVIL, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii.
146.

EXASPERATE, exasperated; III. vi.
38.

EXPECTATION, those guests who
are expected; III. iii. 10.

EXPEDITION, haste; II. iii. 121.

EXTEND, prolong; III. iv. 57.

FACT, act, deed; III. vi. 10.

FACULTIES, powers, prerogatives;
I. vii. 17.

FAIN, gladly; V. iii. 28.

FANTASTICAL, imaginary; I. iii.
53; I. iii. 139.

FARROW, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.

FAVOR, pardon; I. iii. 149.

—, countenance, face; I. v. 74.

FEARS, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.

FEED, "to f.," feeding; III. iv.
35.

FLE-GRIEF, "grief that hath a
single owner"; IV. iii. 196.

FELL, scalp; V. v. 11.

—, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 71.

FELLOW, equal; II. iii. 73.

FILE, list; V. ii. 8.

—; "the valued f.," list of
qualities; III. i. 95.

FILED, made foul, defiled; III. i.
65.

FIRST; "at f. and last," (?) once
for all, from the beginning to
the end; (Johnson conj. "*to f.*
and next"); III. iv. 1.

FITS, caprices; IV. ii. 17.

FLAWS, storms of passion; III.
iv. 63.

FLIGHTY, fleeting; IV. i. 145.

FLOUT, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.

FLY, fly from me; V. iii. 1.

FOISONS, plenty, rich harvests;
IV. iii. 88.

FOLLOWS, attends; I. vi. 11.

FOR, because of; III. i. 121.

—, as for, as regards; IV. ii.
15.

FORBID, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.

FORCED, strengthened; V. v. 5.

Glossary

- FORGE, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
- FORSWORN, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
- FOUNDED, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
- FRAME OF THINGS, universe; III. ii. 16.
- FRANCHISED, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
- FREE, freely; I. iii. 155.
- , honorable; III. vi. 36.
- , remove, do away; (Steevens conj. "*Fright*" or "*Fray*"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "*Keep*"; Kinnear conj. "*Rid*"); III. vi. 35.
- FRENCH HOSE, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 17.
- FRIGHT, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 70.
- FROM, differently from; III. i. 100.
- , in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
- FRY, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 84.
- FUNCTION, power of action; I. iii. 140.
- FURBISH'D, burnished; I. ii. 32.
- GALLOWGLASSES, heavy-armed Irish troops; (F. 1, "*Gallowgrosses*"); I. ii. 13.
- GENIUS, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
- GENTLE SENSES, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "*general sense*"; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "*gentle sense*"); I. vi. 3.
- GERMINS, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
- GET, beget; I. iii. 67.

THE TRAGEDY

- GIN, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
- 'GINS, begins; I. ii. 25.
- GIVES OUT, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
- GOD 'ILD US, corruption of "*God yield us*"; (Ff., "*God-eyld us*"); I. vi. 13.
- GOLGOTHA, i. e. "the place of a skull" (cp. Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
- GOOD, brave; IV. iii. 3.
- GOODNESS; "the chance of g.", "the chance of success"; IV. iii. 136.
- GOOSE, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 19.
- GOSPEL'D, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
- GO TO, GO TO, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
- GOUTS, drops; II. i. 46.
- GRACED, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
- GRANDAM, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
- GRAVE, weighty; III. i. 22.
- GRAYMALKIN, a gray cat, (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "*Mary*"); I. i. 9.
- GRIPE, grasp; III. i. 62.
- GROOMS, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
- GULF, gullet; IV. i. 23.
- HAIL (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
- HARBINGER, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
- HARDLY, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
- HARMS, injuries; "my h.", injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
- HARP'D, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.

- HARPIER**, probably a corruption of *Harpy*; IV. i. 3.
- HAVING**, possessions; I. iii. 56.
- HEAR**, talk with; III. iv. 32.
- HEART**; "any h.", the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
- HEAVILY**, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
- HECATE**, the goddess of hell; (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
- HEDGE-PIG**, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
- HERMITS**, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors; (F. 1, "*Ermites*"); I. vi. 20.
- HIE THEE**, hasten; I. v. 27.
- HIS**, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
- HOLDS**, withholds; III. vi. 25.
- HOLP**, helped; I. vi. 23.
- HOME**, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
- HOMELY**, humble; IV. ii. 68.
- HOODWINK**, blind; IV. iii. 72.
- HORSES** (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
- HOUSEKEEPER**, watch dog; III. i. 97.
- HOWLET'S**, owl's; IV. i. 17.
- HOW SAY'ST THOU**, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
- HUMANE**, human; III. iv. 76.
- HURLYBURLY**, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3.
- HUSBANDRY**, economy; II. i. 4.
- HYRCAN TIGER**, *i. e.* tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.
- IGNORANT**, *i. e.* of future events; I. v. 59.
- ILL-COMPOSED**, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.
- ILLNESS**, evil; I. v. 22.
- IMPRESS**, force into his service; IV. i. 95.
- IN**, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.
- INCARNADINE**, make red; II. ii. 62.
- INFORMS**, takes visible form; II. i. 48.
- INITIATE**; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i. e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.
- INSANE**; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.
- INSTANT**, present moment; I. v. 60.
- INTERDICTION**, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.
- INTERMISSION**, delay; IV. iii. 232.
- INTRENCHANT**, indivisible; V. viii. 9.
- JEALOUSIES**, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.
- JUMP**, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.
- JUST**, exactly; III. iii. 4.
- JUTTY**, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.
- KERNS**, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13.
- KNOWINGS**, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.
- KNOWLEDGE**; "the k.", what you know; (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "*thy k.*"); I. ii. 6.
- LACK**, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.
- LACK**, miss; III. iv. 84.
- LAPP'D**, wrapped; I. ii. 54.
- LARGE**, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.
- LATCH**, catch; IV. iii. 195.
- LATED**, belated; III. iii. 6.
- LAVE**, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.
- LAVISH**, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.

Glossary

LAY, did lodge; II. iii. 64.
 LEASE OF NATURE, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
 LEAVE, leave off; III. ii. 35.
 LEFT UNATTENDED, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
 LESSER, less; V. ii. 13.
 LIES; "swears and l.", *i. e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury"; (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
 LIGHTED, descended; II. iii. 153.
 LIKE, same; II. i. 30.
 —, likely; II. iv. 29.
 —, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
 LILY-LIVER'D, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
 LIMBEC, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
 LIME, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
 LIMITED, appointed; II. iii. 62.
 LINE, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
 LIST, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
 LISTENING, listening to; II. ii. 28.
 LO, "lo you," *i. e.* look you; V. i. 22.
 LODGED, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
 LOOK, expect; V. iii. 26.
 LOON, brute; V. iii. 11.
 LUXURIOUS, lustful; IV. iii. 58.
 MAGGOT-PIES, magpies; III. iv. 125.
 MANSIONRY, abode; I. vi. 5.
 MARK, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
 —, notice; V. i. 46.
 MARRY, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
 MATED, bewildered; V. i. 86.
 MAWS, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
 MAY I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
 MEDICINE, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
 MEEK, meekly; I. vii. 17.

THE TRAGEDY

MEMORIZE, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
 MERE, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
 MERE, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
 METAPHYSICAL, supernatural; I. v. 31.
 MINION, darling, favorite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
 MINUTELY, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
 MISSIVES, messengers; I. v. 7.
 MISTRUST; "he needs not our m.", *i. e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
 MOCKERY, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
 MODERN, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
 MOE, more; V. iii. 35.
 MONSTROUS (trissyllabic); III. vi. 8.
 MORTAL, deadly, murderous; I. v. 43.
 —, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
 —, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
 MORTALITY, mortal life; II. iii. 103.
 MORTIFIED, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.
 MOUNCH'D, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
 MUSE, wonder; III. iv. 85.
 MUST BE, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.
 NAPKINS, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 7.
 NATURE; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 52.
 —; "in n.", in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
 NAUGHT, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.

NAVE, navel, middle; (Warburton "*nape*"); I. ii. 22.
 NEAR, nearer; II. iii. 152.
 NEAR'ST OF LIFE, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
 NICE, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
 NIGHTGOWN, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
 NOISE, music; IV. i. 106.
 NORWAYS', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
 NORWEYAN, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
 NOTE, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
 —, list; III. iii. 10.
 —, notice; III. iv. 56.
 NOTHING, not at all; I. iii. 96.
 —, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
 NOTION, apprehension; III. i. 83.
 OBLIVIOUS, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
 OBSCURE; "o. bird," *i. e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 69.
 ODDS; "at o.", at variance; III. iv. 127.
 O'ERFRAUGHT, overcharged, overloaded; IV. iii. 210.
 OF, from; IV. i. 81.
 —, with; (Hanmer, "*with*"); I. ii. 13.
 —, over; I. iii. 33.
 —, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
 —, for; IV. iii. 95.
 OFFICES, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
 —, *i. e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
 OLD (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
 ON, of; I. iii. 84.
 ONCE, ever; IV. iii. 167.
 ONE, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
 ON'S, of his; V. i. 70.
 ON'T, of it; III. i. 114.
 OPEN'D, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.

OR ERE, before; IV. iii. 173.
 OTHER, others; I. iii. 14.
 —, "the o.", *i. e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
 —, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
 OTHER'S, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
 OURSELVES, one another; III. iv. 32.
 OUT, *i. e.* in the field; IV. iii. 183.
 OUTRUN, did outrun; (Johnson, "*outran*"); II. iii. 122.
 OVERCOME, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
 OVER-RED, redden over; V. iii. 14.
 OWE, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
 OWED, owned; I. iv. 10.
 PADDOCK, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.
 PALL, wrap, envelop; I. v. 53.
 PASSION, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.
 PATCH, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.
 PEAK, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.
 PENT-HOUSE LID, *i. e.* eye-lids; I. iii. 20.
 PERFECT, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 66.
 PESTER'D, troubled; V. ii. 23.
 PLACE, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.
 POINT; "at a p.", "prepared for any emergency"; IV. iii. 135.
 POOR, feeble; III. ii. 14.
 POORLY, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.
 PORTABLE, endurable; IV. iii. 89.
 POSSESS, fill; IV. iii. 202.
 POSSETS, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack,

- having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd"; (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie*, 1688); II. ii. 6.
- POSTERS, speedy travelers; I. iii. 33.
- POWER, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.
- PREDOMINANCE, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.
- PRESENT, present time; I. v. 59.
- , instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.
- , offer; III. ii. 31.
- PRESENTLY, immediately; IV. iii. 145.
- PRETENSE, purpose, intention; II. iii. 142.
- PRETEND, intend; II. iv. 24.
- PROBATION; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.
- PROFOUND, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.
- PROOF, proved armor; I. ii. 54.
- PROPER, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.
- PROTEST, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.
- PURGED, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
- PURVEYOR, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the King and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.
- PUSH, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
- PUT ON, set on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.
- PUT UPON, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.
- QUARRY, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.
- QUELL, murder; I. vii. 72.
- QUIET; "at q.", in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 20.
- RAVEL'D, tangled; II. ii. 37.
- RAVIN'D, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
- RAVIN UP, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.
- RAWNESS, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
- READINESS; "manly r.", complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 144.
- RECEIPT, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
- RECEIVED, believed; I. vii. 74.
- RECOIL, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
- ; "to r.", for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
- RELATION, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
- RELATIONS, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.
- RELISH, smack; IV. iii. 95.
- REMEMBRANCE, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.
- REMEMBRANCER, reminder; III. iv. 37.
- REMORSE, pity; I. v. 46.
- REQUIRE, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
- RESOLVE YOURSELVES, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.
- REST, remain; I. vi. 20.
- , give rest; IV. iii. 227.
- RETURN, give back; I. vi. 28.
- RONYON, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
- ROOF'D, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.
- ROOKY, gloomy, foggy; (Jennens, "rocky"); III. ii. 51.
- ROUND, circlet, crown; I. v. 30.
- ; "r. and top of sovereignty," i. e. "the crown, the top or

- summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
- , dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
- RUBS, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.
- RUMP-FED, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.
- SAFE TOWARD, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.
- SAG, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
- SAINT COLME'S INCH, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.
- SAUCY, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.
- SAY TO, tell; I. ii. 6.
- 'SCAPED, escaped; III. iv. 20.
- SCARF UP, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
- SCONE, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.
- SCOTCH'D, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
- SEASON, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
- SEAT, situation; I. vi. 1.
- SEATED, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.
- SECURITY, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
- SEELING, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
- SEEMS; "that s. to speak things strange," *i. e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*teems*"; Collier MS., "*comes*," etc.); I. ii. 47.
- SELF-ABUSE, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
- SELF-COMPARISONS, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
- SELFSAME, very same; I. iii. 88.
- SENNET, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
- SE'NNIGHTS, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
- SENSIBLE, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
- SERGEANT (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
- SET FORTH, showed; I. iv. 6.
- SETTLED, determined; I. vii. 79.
- SEWER, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direct.).
- SHAG-EAR'D, having hairy ears; (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"); IV. ii. 83.
- SHALL, will; II. i. 29.
- , I shall; IV. ii. 23.
- SHAME, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
- SHARD-BORNE, borne by scaly wingcases; (Davenant, "*sharp-brow'd*"; Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"); III. ii. 42.
- SHIFT, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 156.
- SHIPMAN'S CARD, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
- SHOUGH, a kind of shaggy dog; (Ff., "*Showghes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"); III. i. 94.
- SHOULD BE, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
- SHOW, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
- , appear; I. iii. 54.
- SHUT UP, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
- SICKEN, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
- SIGHTLESS, invisible; I. vii. 23.
- SIGHTS; Collier MS. and Singer MS. "*flights*"; Grant White "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.

- SINEL, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
- SINGLE, individual; I. iii. 140.
- , simple, small; I. vi. 16.
- SIRRAH, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.
- SKIRR, scour; V. iii. 35.
- SLAB, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
- SLEAVE, sleeve-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
- SLEEK O'ER, smooth; III. ii. 27.
- SLEIGHTS, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
- SLIPP'D, let slip; II. iii. 57.
- SLIVER'D, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
- SMACK, have the taste, savor; I. ii. 44.
- So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
- So WELL, as well; I. ii. 43.
- SOLE, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
- SOLEMN, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
- SOLICITING, inciting; I. iii. 130.
- SOLICITS, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
- SOMETHING, some distance; III. i. 132.
- SOMETIME, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
- SORELY, heavily; V. i. 59.
- SORRIEST, saddest; III. ii. 9.
- SORRY, sad; II. ii. 20.
- SPEAK, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
- SPECULATION, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
- SPEED; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 37.
- SPONGY, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
- SPRING, source; I. ii. 27.
- SPRITES, spirits; IV. i. 127.
- SPY, v. Note; III. i. 130.
- STABLENESS, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
- STAFF, lance; V. iii. 48.
- STAMP, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
- STANCHLESS, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
- STAND, remain; III. i. 4.
- STAND NOT UPON, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
- STATE, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
- STATE OF HONOR, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 66.
- STAY, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
- STAYS, waits; III. v. 35.
- STICKING-PLACE, *i. e.* "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
- STIR, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
- STOREHOUSE, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
- STRANGE, new; I. iii. 145.
- ; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
- STRANGELY-VISITED, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
- STUFF'D, crammed, full to bursting; V. iii. 44.
- SUBSTANCES, forms; I. v. 51.
- SUDDEN, violent; IV. iii. 59.
- SUFFER, perish; III. ii. 16.
- SUFFERING; "our s. country," *i. e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
- SUGGESTION, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
- SUMMER-SEEMING, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "*summer-teeming*"; Johnson, "*fume, or seething*," &c.); IV. iii. 86.
- SUNDRY, various; IV. iii. 48.

SURCEASE, cessation; I. vii. 4.
SURVEYING, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
SWAY BY, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
SWEARS, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

TAINT, be infected; V. iii. 3.
TAKING-OFF, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
TEEMS, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
TENDING, tendance, attendance; I. v. 39.
TEND ON, wait on; I. v. 43.
THAT, so that; I. ii. 58.
 —; “to th.”, to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
THEREWITHAL, therewith; III. i. 34.
THIRST, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
THOUGHT; “upon a th.”, in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
 —, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
THRALLS, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
THREAT, threaten; II. i. 60.
TILL THAT, till; I. ii. 54.
TIMELY, betimes, early; II. iii. 56.
 —, “to gain the t. inn,” opportune; III. iii. 7.
TITLES, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
 —, according to; III. iii. 4.
 —, compared to; III. iv. 64.
 —, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
 —, linked with, “prisoner to”; III. iv. 25.
TOP, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.

TOP-FULL, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 44.
TOUCH, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
TOUCH'D, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
TOWERING, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
TRACE, follow; IV. i. 153.
TRAINS, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
TRAMMEL UP, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
TRANSPORT, convey; IV. iii. 181.
TRANSPOSE, change; IV. iii. 21.
TREBLE SCEPTERS, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
TRIFLED, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
TUGG'D; “t. with fortune,” pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
TWO-FOLD BALLS, probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
TYRANNY, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
TYRANT, usurper; III. vi. 22.

UNFIX, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
UNROUGH, beardless; V. ii. 10.
UNSPEAK, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
UNTITLED, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
UNTO, to; I. iii. 121.
UPON, to; III. vi. 30.
UPROAR, “stir up to tumult”

- (Schmidt); (Ff. 1, 2, "*uprore*"; Keightley, "*Uproot*"); IV. iii. 99.
- USE, experience; III. iv. 143.
- USING, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.
- UTTERANCE; "to the u.", *i. e. à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.
- VANTAGE, opportunity; I. ii. 31.
- VERITY, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.
- VISARDS, masks; III. ii. 34.
- VOUCH'D, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.
- WANT; "cannot w.", can help; III. vi. 8.
- WARRANTED, justified; IV. iii. 137.
- WASSAIL, revelry; I. vii. 64.
- WATCHING, waking; V. i. 12.
- WATER-RUG, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.
- WHAT, who; IV. iii. 49.
- WHAT IS, *i. e.* what is the time of; III. iv. 126.
- WHEN 'TIS, *i. e.* "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.
- WHETHER (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.
- WHICH, who; V. i. 66.
- WHILE THEN, till then; III. i. 44.
- WHISPERS, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.
- WHOLESOME, healthy; IV. iii. 105.
- WITH, against; IV. iii. 90.
- , by; III. i. 63.
- , on; IV. ii. 32.
- WITHOUT, outside; III. iv. 14.
- , beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.
- WITNESS, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.
- WORM, small serpent; III. iv. 29.
- WOULD, should; I. vii. 34.
- WROUGHT, agitated; I. iii. 149.
- YAWNING PEAL, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.
- YESTY, foaming; IV. i. 53.
- YET, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

GENERAL

1. What is the historic basis of the action of this drama?
2. What is the dramatic divergence from the *Chronicles* in the portrayal of Macbeth?
3. What social condition characterized the times in which the scene is laid?
4. Trace the development of Macbeth's course of crimes, from step to step. Analyze the impelling causes.
5. Upon what state of mind in Macbeth do the Weird Sisters react? Of what are they the abiding symbol?
6. Had Macbeth legally, according to record, an equal claim to the throne with Duncan? How would such a preliminary situation for him make the Sisters' prophecy naturally take swift hold upon his fancy?
7. What impression is given of Lady Macbeth's nature? Describe her intellectual processes with regard to the crimes to which she is accessory;—the development of her emotional experiences as they are made to appear, because of them.
8. Describe the influence of these two persons, Macbeth and his wife, upon each other, in instigation and reaction.
9. What are the qualities of the drama, and its marked features in respect of movement, color, and the casting of its plan?
10. What is historically said of the government of Duncan? What is the main feature of it brought forward in the drama? Is there a dramatic purpose in this, and, if so, what, especially by contrast with the dramatic portrayal of his cousin, Macbeth?

ACT I

11. For what does the opening of the play prepare us?
12. In scene ii what is the report of Macbeth?
13. With what people were the Scots at war?
14. What is the significance of the effect of the Weird Sisters' prophecy upon Banquo as compared with that it has upon Macbeth?
15. What does Banquo say that might be construed as a warning to Macbeth against dangerous ambitions,—or his own suspicions of their possibility in Macbeth's mind?
16. What do we infer as to the keynote of Macbeth's nature from Lady Macbeth's words upon reading his letter?
17. What gives the effect of fatality to the messenger's news of Duncan's approach, close upon the receipt by Lady Macbeth of her husband's letter?
18. Trace the development of her idea with regard to Duncan.
19. What is the dramatic effect of her manner of meeting with Duncan, in the midst of her treacherous scheming?
20. What is the distinguishing feature of Lady Macbeth's attitude toward the contemplated deed, by contrast with her husband's?

ACT II

21. What is portentous in the opening lines?
22. What may we suppose has been the drift of the "cursed thoughts" Banquo refers to? Does this make it necessary to judge that he has any definite suspicions of Macbeth or only vague ones, that his nature would try to repudiate? Which is most in keeping with Banquo's character as portrayed?
23. Describe scene ii, especially the effect of the noises of the night upon the two guilty ones after the murder has been done, and the effect of the knocking upon the atmosphere and tension of the scene.

24. Comment upon the interlude of the Porter's entrance and soliloquy. Describe its relation to the immediately preceding and succeeding incidents.

25. Why does Lady Macbeth swoon and cry to be taken out?

26. What is the apparent view of Donalbain and Malcolm concerning the murder of their father? What do they do accordingly?

27. Upon whom is suspicion of the deed placed, through their flight?

28. Does the Old Man imply anything significant of the truth of the situation, in any of his lines? What does his introduction serve?

ACT III

29. How do Macbeth and his queen arrange to get Banquo in their power?

30. What do Banquo's opening lines import? Is there any significant contrast between him and Macbeth conveyed through them?

31. How does Macbeth work upon the minds of the hired murderers, to stir them against Banquo?

32. What is Macbeth's reflection upon hearing of the escape of Fleance? In what state of mind does it leave him? How does this serve the development of the theme?

33. Describe the banquet scene, and the effect of the apparition of Banquo upon Macbeth.

34. What is Lady Macbeth's counter action during this scene?

35. Against whom next is Macbeth's suspicion aroused?

36. What does he say to show his means of keeping himself informed for his protection? What does this argue of the state of his mind resultant upon his crimes?

37. What is the import of the talk between Lennox and the other Lord at Forres?

38. What are the Witches to do for Macbeth, at Hecate's instigation?

ACT IV

39. Describe the incantation scene. Its lyrical form. Its dramatic effect.

40. By what oath does Macbeth conjure them to answer his demands? What does this signify of the state of mind at which he has arrived?

41. What apparitions are called up for his benefit, and what are their several utterances?

42. What is the powerful significance in the wish of the Witches to withhold the final vision which Macbeth demands?

43. When he sees it, how does he receive it?

44. What is the reason of Macbeth's regret and fear at hearing of Macduff's flight to England? What crime does he immediately purpose?

45. What is the fate of Lady Macduff and her children?

46. What is the substance of the passage between Malcolm and Macduff in England?

47. Is there any explanation of Malcolm's tirade against himself? If so, what can be its meaning, and what its purpose?

48. Who is the king of England referred to at this time?

49. Whom does Malcolm get to join him in his advance against Macbeth?

50. How does Macduff receive the news of Ross? Describe what is interestingly true to life in the passage.

ACT V

51. Describe the sleep-walking scene. Analyze the technique of Lady Macbeth's lines. What do they convey of her mental state?

52. What does Caithness report of Macbeth in scene ii? How further is he discussed in this scene?

53. How does Macbeth receive the first news of the force that is coming against him?

54. What is reported to him of Lady Macbeth?

55. What order does Malcolm give his men when they reach Birnam wood?

56. What are Macbeth's words on hearing of the Queen's death? What is the dramatic effect of the wail he hears announcing it, as relating to the whole tenor of the theme?

57. What is the effect upon Macbeth of the messenger's final fatal news? What are his last words upon his exit?

58. Who finally proves the Weird Sister's prophecy upon Macbeth to its last point?

59. Describe his stand in his fight with Macduff.

60. What does Siward say of his son's death, and whom do the Lords hail King upon Macduff's entry with Macbeth's head?

